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By Sam Welles



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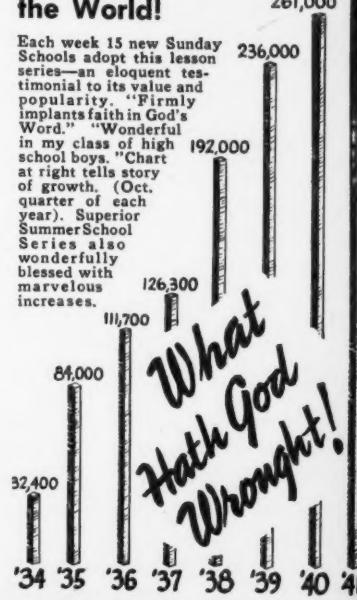
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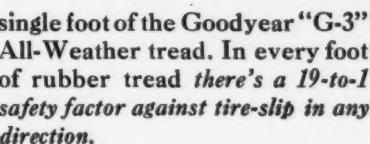
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single foot of the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tread. In every foot of rubber tread there's a 19-to-1 safety factor against tire-slip in any direction.

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



LIBERTY BELL

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Ring out once more across the world
Of harsh and futile strife;
Ring out and fill our hearts with dreams,
That are the breath of life;
Ring out and make us see again
The brightly gleaming star,
That we have lost amid the gloom,
As we have wandered far
From ways wherein our fathers fared
To find their shining goals,
For we are groping through the dark
With anguish in our souls.

Ring out across the hills and plains;
Ring out across the seas;
Ring out and make us know again
The old simplicities,
That gave our sturdy fathers strength
To make their dreams come true,
As they shaped in the wilderness
A nation nobly new;
Ring out and lead our stumbling feet
From ways where gray ghosts nod
To paths our fathers humbly walked
With faith in man and God.



Do you see little Billy?

No, I see the future Captain William Steers.

Is the Captain a Good Soldier?

Yes. He has Courage and the Respect of his Men.

**His Smile inspires Confidence—a Bright, Appealing Smile
that owes so much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.**



**Don't risk the charm of your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help keep
your gums healthy, your teeth bright and sparkling**

**Q. Why do so many dentists strongly urge
the importance of daily gum massage?**

**A. Because these dentists know that the
soft foods we eat deny our gums the natural
work and stimulation they need for health.**

**Q. Are strong gums important to sound,
sparkling teeth?**

**A. Indeed they are! That's why it is so im-
portant never to ignore "pink tooth brush"
...because that telltale tinge of "pink" on
your tooth brush may be a sign of weak, ten-
der gums—gums that need attention.**

**Q. Does "pink tooth brush" always mean
serious trouble?**

**A. Not necessarily. But only your dentist
can decide that question. Often, he may
merely say that your weakened gums need**

work and exercise. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

**Q. Can Ipana and massage really help ward
off the threat of "pink tooth brush"?**

**A. Indeed it can. You see, Ipana Tooth Paste
does more than clean teeth thoroughly. For
this unique dentifrice is specially designed,
with massage, to aid the *gums* to healthier
firmness. That is why the daily use of Ipana
and massage is a sound, sensible habit...to
help you have stronger gums, more spar-
kling teeth, a lovelier smile . . . to help
guard against "pink tooth brush."**



Ipana Tooth Paste

CHRISTIAN

JULY, 1941

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by Zadig

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OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith; To support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved; To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need; To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Upon hearing a very interesting sermon, should a person compliment the preacher, saying perhaps, "I liked your sermon very much"?

Answer:

Follow that impulse. The preacher hears plenty of other words. You'll find, I think, that he particularly likes to hear something like this—"Your sermon helped me today." That message warms his heart, renews his purpose, sends him marching into the new week.

Question:

What is being done to give religious leadership to the trainees in the new camps? What are the facilities for worship and social activities?

Answer:

There is now one chaplain for each 1200 men—a total of 1200 chaplains. The number is to be increased to 1500 by the end of June, 1941. These chaplains are carefully selected by their respective denominations and faiths.

A construction program, which will provide 604 chapels in posts, camps, and stations, is just getting under way. A \$12,900,000 appropriation has been made by the War Department. The buildings will be completed within six months. Each chapel will cost \$21,000, and have seats for 400 soldiers.

The distribution provides one chapel for each regiment, so that in larger concentrations as many as fifteen or twenty churches will rise among the tents and barracks.

When the chapel is used for pastoral and cultural activities, the altar, which will be on a track, can be moved into a recess at the rear.

Different hours will be provided for Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths. Included in the building will be an Ark to hold the Jewish Book of the Law. There will be an electric organ on the balcony.

The chapels will be open at all times

for worship and meditation and may be used for unit gatherings, inspiration, recreational and social in character.

Question:

How will the peace emphasis be carried out in the International Christian Endeavor Convention in Atlantic City in July?

Answer:

There will be addresses by distinguished and authoritative speakers. There will be seminars conducted by trained youth leaders and in which the young people will discuss and formulate plans for carrying out the general idea in their local communities and individual churches. International Youth's Distinguished Service Award will very likely be centered this year upon some national or international figure whose voice has been raised for a program of peace. In these and many other ways the peace emphasis will be carried out in the International Christian Endeavor Convention at Atlantic City, July 8-13. Registrations now indicate the largest attendance for more than a quarter of a century.

Question:

Have you any word from the Christian churches in occupied territories, particularly from the Protestant Church?

Answer:

There is very little word. Dr. Adolf Keller, the distinguished Swiss theologian, who is now in America, has brought personal messages from some of our heroic European leaders. Certainly conditions are sad and uncertain. One word has recently come from the Synod of the Netherlands Reformed Church, which in its meeting, in October 1940, adopted a statement which was read from Reformed Church pulpits throughout Holland. The statement reads as follows:

"By request of the General Synod of the Netherlands Reformed Church, the congregation is informed that on behalf

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

of the following Protestant churches in the Netherlands, to wit:

1. The Netherlands Reformed Church;
2. The Reformed Churches;
3. The Christian Reformed Church;
4. The Reformed Church in Netherlands in Restored Union;
5. The Remonstrant Brotherhood;
6. The General Mennonite Society.

have presented an address to the State Commissioner for the occupied Netherlands territory, in which address these churches unanimously give expression to the serious objections, which they base upon reasons of mercy and upon Scriptural grounds, and which they entertain against the recently proclaimed regulations by which the nomination and the promotion of officials and other persons of Jewish race are forbidden in the Netherlands, with the urgent request that the State Commissioner may be willing to cooperate in the withdrawal of the regulations to which reference is made."

This action is probably the first in which a Christian church has spoken so clearly in defense of persecuted Jews. Here is heroism unadulterated and like unto the very mind of Christ.

Question:

What justification is there for saying that Germany has any designs on the United States?

Answer:

Justification enough! Albert Rosenberg, in "The Economics of Force," (page 24) says, "A new peace shall make Germany mistress of the globe, a peace not hanging on the palm fronds of pacifist women-folk, but established by the victorious sword of a master race that takes over the world in the service of a higher civilization."

Hitler in a letter to Otto Strasser, May 21, 1930, wrote: "The Nordic race has a right to rule the world. We must make this right the guiding star of our foreign policy."

Hitler in "Mein Kampf": "Latin America—we shall create a new Germany there. We have a right to this continent.... It will be a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolts in the United States so that these gentrified will have their hands full with their own affairs. We shall soon have storm troopers in America.... We shall have men whom degenerate Yankee-dom will not be able to challenge."

There are too many similar evidences to leave any doubt about his intentions.

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JULY 1941

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Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly—consult your dentist periodically—eat a diet rich in minerals and vitamins, and you will be doing all that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

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DR. LYON'S **TOOTH**
POWDER



The Enemy of CHILDHOOD

Poverty is the enemy of childhood, always exacting a toll of its victims; if it is not paid in death or sickness of body and mind, in later life it takes its toll in crime.

The greatest curse of Poverty is the condition under which its victims are forced to live. Crowded in one or two rooms, whole families are expected to live under conditions that animals could hardly survive. How can we expect these parents to give their children even the faintest conception of the kind of life you and I consider natural and wholesome? How can we expect anything but the crime and disease their living conditions breed?

Have you been in the average slum home? One glance would tell you more than pages of words. There are many

one-room homes in the city's slums: one room that answers the purpose of living room and kitchen during the day and with mattresses thrown in the corners serves as bedroom at night. I have known a family of five to live in such a room. By taking the three children to Mont Lawn we gave their parents an equally beneficial vacation.

In reading over the history cards of Mont Lawn's little guests, we find "CROWDED LIVING CONDITIONS" most often given as the reason for their need of a vacation from the slums. In the last few years there has been a conscientious effort on the part of government to tear down unsanitary buildings, to do away with the most miserable conditions but the problem has not been settled by far—there is still much to be done to improve the living conditions of the poor.

Some day—and let's hope some day soon, life will be better for the children who in no way are responsible for their poverty, but in the meantime we must do all that we can to give them every chance for happiness and health.

MONT LAWN is the chance you can give them—the opportunity to see and take part in a better way of living. At Mont Lawn they will learn the difference between clean and careless living, they will learn to love the country, its birds and trees and flowers; they will know the love and care of Christian men and women.

Down through the years men and women who had once been guests of Mont Lawn have returned to tell us of its great influence in their lives—we know the needs and the benefits but we must depend on your belief in these needs and benefits for your support of our work.

\$5 PAYS FOR 7 DAYS— | \$10 PAYS FOR 14 DAYS



How many days of decent living will you buy?

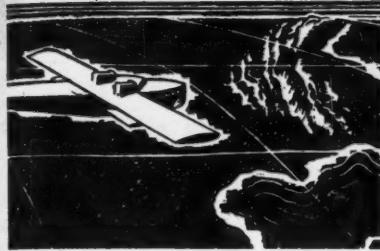
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Name.....

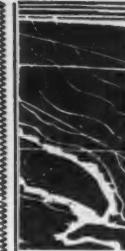
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

THAT SPEECH: The President has spoken, and now the argument begins. Senators under the capitol dome and little knots of plain citizens along the American Main Street that runs from Bangor to Tallahassee are trying to tell each other what that last fireside chat meant.

It was plain English, and those who usually agree with the President say it was clear as day; others say otherwise. It was plain language, but it left several doors open. It left the President quite free to act as he may feel he wants to act. There are two all-important phases of this open door that are the most important aspects of the speech:

1. When the President talks of moving the armed forces of the nation into strategic positions, he can mean almost anything. He can mean that he is moving the Navy out to convoy duty; or that he is moving it toward Martinique or Greenland. Or he may be moving the Army toward embarkation points (the government has taken over the finest American liner afloat, the new *America*, for transport duty).

2. When the President declares that the country is now in a state of unlimited emergency, he takes the last long step short of war, and he cuts the last red tape that would impede swift and effective movement in case war is declared. War can be declared now overnight; it could be declared at sundown and we could be in it with both feet by dawn. With Hitler "getting the jump" on his foe at every turn of the road because he was prepared to jump, that is the only sensible way for us to jump.

It seems that now the question is not if we are to get into the war, but only *when*.

PRODUCTION: The swift moving of troops into the vital defense areas and up to the gates of vital defense industries came so swiftly that even some of the officers commanding the troops involved were, in their own words, "taken completely by surprise." Labor may not like rifles and bayonets at those gates, but a worried American public does.

The work-days lost by strikes in these

vital defense industries is well over the million mark now, and the number is climbing fast; that has to stop. When we think of the paralysis that has struck the West Coast shipyards on the one hand, and then understand on the other that the Germans are sinking ships en route to Britain twice as fast as those ships can be replaced—then we know that the time for strikes, for petty bickering between laborer and employer, has gone. It is cause for rejoicing to read that the handful of machinists who shut down eleven San Francisco shipyards in the midst of a \$500,000,000 Naval building program earned the united wrath of both labor officials and the Government.

When we read that the soft-coal dispute is still unsettled; when we grasp the real issue here—a dispute over a forty-cent wage-differential between Northern mines and Southern; when we know that soft coal is desperately essential to the defense program—then we almost pray that the Army and Navy may start the convoying of men to dig that soft coal and protect them as they dig.

It has happened here, before. Some of us are old enough to remember another coal strike and another Roosevelt who refused to let people freeze while the strikers argued, who threatened to call out the U.S. Army and said to the strikers, in effect, "Let's see you shoot them down." It may come to that again; we may find another Coolidge saying to the selfish leaders of labor, "You have no right to strike against the national safety."

PAYING THE PIPER: Millions of Americans paid an income tax this year for the first time; they accepted the levy in good spirit, and some of them even joked over the novelty of it. The assessments for 1940-41 reached down into the pocketbooks of those in the lower income brackets; the assessments now under consideration at Washington to pay the bills for 1941-42 will reach even deeper into the pocketbooks of one particular group of taxpayers: those earning annual incomes of between \$2,000 and \$15,000.

This year this bracket paid an increase

of fifty per cent over last year; next year they will pay a 300 per cent increase over this year. The rates are increased, though not by so much, for those making \$15,000 to \$100,000 per year; from there up to the \$1,000,000 class the increase is almost unnoticeable; in the very rich group there is no increase at all!

On the face of it, this looks like an injustice to the 6,300,000 in the two-to-fifteen-thousand-dollar group. It seems to us that while we should all be ready to do our bit in paying the piper, that those best able to pay should pay most. It also seems plain to us that if this middle-income group is to be made the financial goat, they should at least be assured of two things: 1, That the Administration will stop throwing away money on useless non-defense expenses, and 2, an assurance that this heaviest tax-payer is not being singled out to pay so heavily just because he has no lobby at Washington to protect him. It is the abuse of civilian patience that foments trouble in the democracies; it is equality, even in tax-paying, that makes for war-winning morale.

APATHY: Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, who has gained some renown as District Attorney in Manhattan, is national chairman of United Service Organizations, which has just launched a campaign to raise \$10,765,000 to provide recreational facilities for soldiers and sailors. He has just returned from a swing around the country, on which he studied the facilities now available for soldiers and sailors off duty. He reports a bad situation. To wit:

"A large majority of the boys now in the camps feel the civilians are trying to make money out of them. . . . Men have told me of being pushed off the sidewalks by police, of being called bums by the townspeople . . . (he found) every type of honky tonk produced by the American civilization springing up in the vicinity of a number of camps. . . ." Mr. Dewey doesn't like it: "We have uprooted these men and taken them long distances from their homes. It's our re-



SOAP-BOX DERBY CHAMPION TOMMY FISHER, AFTER WINNING THE ALL-AMERICAN DERBY CROWN, IS PICTURED WITH WILBUR SHAW, 1940 WINNER OF THE 500-MILE AUTO RACE CLASSIC AT INDIANAPOLIS, ONE OF THE OFFICIALS AT THE 1940 FINALS IN AKRON, OHIO

sponsibility to provide properly for their welfare.... If we don't give our soldiers a decent place to go they have to take what they can get...."

Such a report seems impossible, in view of the widespread publicity already given to this effort to provide off-the-post recreation for the men in the camps, but Mr. Dewey knows whereof he speaks. If his words don't rouse us, what will? Your editor feels it keenly; he once entered an American restaurant in another war-time, in uniform, only to be shown a sign in the window by the proprietor: "No dogs or soldiers allowed." That must not happen again.

The Army is doing its part, well. How about your town?

BLACKOUT: Newark (N.J.) has had its first blackout. Newark is in a vital defense area. There is a great airport here that would be an immediate target for an invader; it is a city completely surrounded by a ring of defense industries. So—there was a practice blackout the other night, just to get the citizens ready for it, if and when....

It was a strange affair. Your editor visited Newark during the blackout hour, just to see how things went. He found mobs in the streets, laughing, jostling, merry-making; if there had only been a few horns and clack-clacks, it might easily have been Hallowe'en or New Years Eve. There was supposed to be something funny about it. It struck us that an enemy aeroplane pilot overhead might have been guided to his target by the funsters along Broad Street lighting cigarettes!

Army men, however, who watched it, were satisfied; they say they expected all this, and more; that they really got more

cooperation on this first "try" than they expected; that the first practice-blackouts in London and Paris went this way. London and Paris saw something funny about their blackouts then; but that was back in the days before Poland was invaded. There is little laughter left now in Piccadilly or along the Seine. Stop, look and listen, Newark—and America.

MERCY: Sixty years ago, a much-defeated but indomitable woman who insisted that women had a place as nurses on the battlefield finally managed to convince an American President and an American people that there should be an "Association of the American Red Cross." That was only seventeen years after the founding of the International Red Cross, at Geneva! She was Clara Barton, one of the noblest Americans ever produced on this soil.

There were speeches about Clara Barton in Washington this month, as part of the sixtieth Anniversary celebration—but not many. The Red Cross is too busy. The public hardly noticed the day, except to read that the only surviving founder, Mrs. Peter V. de Graw (aged 91) had been presented a bouquet at the Capitol. Mrs. de Graw was proud to hear that the body she helped sponsor now numbers 8,700,000 members in 3,721 chapters and 6,585 branches in the U.S., including Alaska, Hawaii and the island possessions.

More than \$35,000,000 has been spent during the last year by the American Red Cross on works of mercy in a world at war; about half of that has gone to Great Britain. Right here at home, the Red Cross has aided 166,000 victims of 122 American disasters in thirty-nine States, at an expense of \$1,300,000.

Shakespeare had it that "The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven...." Mercy is natural, in humankind—a lot more natural than fighting and war. But there must always be a *method* to mercy, an intelligent administering hand. That hand, the world over, is the hand of the Red Cross heirs of Clara Barton. More power to their hands: they are doing much in keeping alive in men a belief in love, with all the world gone fighting mad.

EDUCATION: The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. heard this month that their campaign to raise \$10,000,000 had been over-subscribed to the tune of \$281,000. There were cheers. There should have been. To accomplish that in times like these was not an evidence of miracle; it was proof of Presbyterian energy.

The General Secretary of the Board of Christian Education made a speech; this paragraph in that speech should be broadcast in every church paper in the land: "Communism, nazism and fascism would have been snuffed out long ago if the leaders of those movements had been as listless as the leaders of the Christian Church have been in the matter of training and guiding youth." Right! Those ideologies which threaten the church will be beaten, not by hysteria after they have taken root, but in the education of youth before they take root. The Presbyterians, with their over-subscribed Education Fund, are on the right track.

Strangely, this is a *college* fund; strangely, the Presbyterians as a church contribute not one cent to the eleven seminaries which turn out their preachers at the rate of 200 a year!

A B R O A D

SEA POWER: Years ago, this editor saw the *Hood*. He went past her at Malta, on a 28,000 ton Italian Line steamer, and that, as steamers go, is a big one. But when we passed the *Hood*, within two hundred yards, from stern to bow, he thought he was never going to reach the other end of that famous "battle wagon." It was far and away the most tremendous ship ye editor had ever seen. And it flashed through his mind, "No other battleship afloat can sink that one!"

Yet, caught in a fog off Iceland, the poor *Hood* was easy prey for the *Bismarck*; when England heard of it, England moaned. Why did this happen? Well, first of all, the *Hood* was the largest but decidedly *not* the most powerful battleship afloat. She was more than twenty years old; her armor plate, thickened after Jutland, still was no more of a protection against the newer naval explosives than cardboard might have been. We think the shot that sank her was not

just "an unlucky hit"; she went down to Davy Jones because she was obsolete.

Three days later the *Bismarck* went down, trapped by a furious British navy. They had to get her, and they did. Her sinking is of more importance than the sinking of the *Hood*, for while the loss of the *Hood* was a blow to the morale of England, that was about all; the *Bismarck* meant more in naval strength to the Germans than the *Hood* meant in morale to the English.

The lesson to be learned here is that while Britain is still boss of the seas, she will not remain boss unless she gets a huge air fleet to help her surface ships. Sea power versus air power! Father Neptune's crown is slipping; his throne is being shaken from the skies. Off Crete, while the battle was raging from Iceland to Brest, Neptune watched the British fleet suffer from enemy planes; the Germans claim eleven British cruisers and nine other men o' war sunk in that fight!

We doubt those figures, but *these* figures are correct: with the loss of the *Bismarck*, the Germans now have but three capital ships left: the *Tirpitz*, the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst*. Beaten on land, Britannia still rules the waves!

CRETE: Crete is lost to the British. Now, we believe, they will make another stand at Cyprus.

The English lost Crete because they had no air support for their fleet. Germany poured in men and material from the air, almost unopposed; the British fleet limped back to Alexandria after putting up a gallant but useless fight. Sea versus air power, again!

Germany taught the world a new form of warfare in Crete: parachute troops. They even landed big guns and small tanks from the air, with those huge transport planes coming over at the rate of one a minute. The slaughter of those parachutists was a massacre; the world will never know what this victory cost Hitler. Therein may lie a clue to the British strategy: they may be making these "hopeless" stands for no fool's purpose, but to cut down that overwhelming man power of the Germans. Greece cost the Germans heavily; Crete is covered with Nazi dead, some of whom, we hear, are fifteen-year old boys! We can't help thinking of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; the Confederates got over that stone wall, planted their flag behind the Union guns—and surrendered. Only a handful were left to plant the flag!

The last lesson of Crete is this: it may be a full dress rehearsal for the invasion of that other island that Hitler must subdue if he is to win. He must take England, but the taking of the tight little isle will not be as easy as the taking of Crete. Britain has still kept control of the skies over England, while the skies over Crete heard the drones of precious few British planes; England is well manned with troops on the ground, and her other defenses are said to be enough

to turn a German pale. And American ships are getting through every day with more and more supplies.

LIBYA: The British fleet at Crete had a twofold job: to back up the troops fighting on that island, and to watch German transports sneaking across to Tripoli and Libya with reinforcements for the German troops at Tobruk and Sollum. The correspondents in Libya and Egypt are telling us of the presence of new German tanks and planes and troops in that desert; evidently some reinforcements have gotten through. That was to be expected.

Sollum is reported as lost to the British. Alexandria, with Crete mopped up, will certainly be the target of more and more air raids. The Suez Canal is threatened. Suez, one terminus of the Canal, will be hard put to it to defend itself, and at the other end of the Mediterranean Gibraltar may face an invasion of Germans coming overland through Spain. If both "Gib" and Suez fall, then England will have one route to her Empire in the East cut off.

But the sea lanes from Liverpool to New York are still open. Hitler must close them. The English can lose the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, but so long as she has a fighting force afloat in the Atlantic she is far from beaten. That may explain the presence of the *Hood* in Atlantic waters.

IRAQ: London reports "everything under control" in Iraq. The oil fields there have been saved. But for how long? For the British to subdue the Iraqi is one thing; for them to take care of Germans coming in toward the precious oil reserves of Iraq and Mosul by way of Turkey is quite another. Watch for fireworks here; the war has arrived at the gates of Palestine!

The British will fight hard for it; they are said to have brought up tremendous forces of troops and heaps of material miles long and high. The German espionage agents and fifth-columnists are busy, and Hitler's men are said to be in full control of Syria. This has all the earmarks of a long and bitter war.

Both the British and the Germans need that oil. It is unlikely that the United States, in case the British lost Mosul, could send enough oil to England to keep a sufficiently large British air fleet in the air. It is also being whispered that while Hitler has plenty of gasoline, he is desperately shy of the heavier oils. If he can't get them, he is licked.

Smart military observers are saying that if the war goes into another winter Hitler must do one of two things to win the war, if indeed he can win it at all. He must get either Mosul or Batum. To get Batum he must fight Russia. We think he will not spread his lines that far. He has probably heard of the Grand Army of Napoleon that fell to pieces in the snows of bitter Russia.

FRENCH: Speaking of Syria, we note that Vichy is fighting-mad over the bombing of French air fields there by the British. Vichy says the British are asking for war with France when they do that, and the outbreak of that war seems not far away as we write.

But what does Vichy expect the English to do? Syria is filling up with German "tourists." German planes are all over the place—they must be landing and fueling at airfields somewhere, and the only real air fields in Syria are French. Wise old soldier that he is, Marshal Petain knows in his broken heart that he would be doing exactly as the British are doing, were he English and not French.

Poor Petain! None of us can hate him. What he needs is pity, as he faces increasingly exacting demands from Hitler on the one hand and the intrigues of the traitor Laval on the other. Petain, of his own accord, would never go to war with England, but Petain conceivably can be forced by his conquerors into sending the French fleet to sea against the English. If he does that, the combined strengths of the German, French and Italian navies will be a large order for the already overworked British fleet.

Let's ponder this: if that French fleet comes in, will it be the last straw to break the camel's back of American patience—and *force* in the American navy?

JAPAN: Mr. Walter Duranty, who knows Russia and the East as well as any Westerner alive, has just come home from Moscow by way of Tokyo. He says: "The odds seem to be against the Japanese entering this war, despite their pledge to Germany, save for one reason. If the United States and Britain cut their oil supply, then I think they will have to fight."

Poor Japan! We have been saying in this column, ever since the incident at Marco Polo Bridge and the invasion of China, that Japan could never whip China. Day by day comes news over the cables and the radio which cries loudly, in whatever words, "Japan wants to get out of China!" She is bogged down helplessly in a war with the most pacific people on the face of the earth, and if she could get out without too much loss of face, she would get out tomorrow. She stands there chained to the very people she tried to enchain, casting longing eyes on the oil reserves of the Netherland Indies—and she dares not go after them!

We predict that Japan will never fight the United States; we think her allegiance to the Axis powers will cool from now on. The Hess affair rocked Tokyo badly, at the same time she was being shaken from within by the subtle opposition of Japanese businessmen who see a death of their highly lucrative trade with Uncle Sam if the war with China goes on, and if the United States gets into the shooting stage with the Axis.

If Uncle Sam can prevent war with

Japan simply by *not* cutting the oil supply of the Nipponese, it seems good sense not to cut it. We are more of a nuisance to Japan under present conditions than we would be if the war spread. It's almost funny, how this thing has worked out. Hitler has goaded the Japanese into playing the part of a threat to the United States, to keep us out of the war; but it has worked in reverse. It is Japan who is on the anxious seat, in this war of nerves!

Come what may, we can never forget this: it is poor China that has kept Japan busy all across these terrible days. If she can go on doing that, it may be China we will thank for saving the West from Adolf Hitler.

PROPAGANDA: We Americans are not getting the truth about this war. That may not be peculiar; who is, anywhere?

Mr. Frederick Libby, famous American fighter for peace, said last week that England had but one or two harbors left. All the rest have been blown to bits, and simply cannot be used by the British to unload American ships. He feels that when the Nazis have flattened their remaining two, the war may be over.

The day after he said that, Elmer Davis returned from Britain, to say that England was still enjoying the use of *every harbor on her coasts*. Probably, as in all other cases where propaganda is involved, the real truth lies midway. But just try and make up your mind about it!

CHURCH NEWS

GIPSY SMITH, JR.: The Annual Camp Meeting at Winona Lake, Ind., will be led this year by Gipsy Smith, Jr., internationally famous evangelist, and son of the original Gipsy Smith. An interesting fact about Gipsy Smith, Jr., is that his conversion did not take place until he was thirty-five years old, when he was an officer on the Cunard Steamship Line. Even at that late date, however, he took his college and seminary work, and became one of the outstanding evangelists in this country. The Annual Camp Meeting, which he will lead, has become one of the greatest activities of the year, and this season promises to be even bigger and better. The dates are August 24 to September 1, 1941.

THE END: With the world on fire, with their own England standing with her back to the wall, it is an amazing thing to find so many British churchmen putting their heads and hearts together to talk over "the post-war order of civilization." Already we have spoken of Malvern; of Roman Catholic, Anglican and Nonconformist leaders talking of this; this month we read of the growing interest in Britain in the "Sword Of The

Spirit Movement" in and around London.

Laughed at at first, as we laughed at the Legion of Decency here, Englishmen are now asking serious questions about this Movement. It is, we discover, an interdenominational movement formed to formulate a post-war code to win a new deal for the ordinary man; this seems directly in line with the rumors of social revolution which keep coming out of England. Something is going on here, with a vengeance.

Sword-of-the-Spirit seeks to collect and unite all "men of good will" in a new fight to elevate the status of the commoner. The British ruling class will certainly fight it; so, perhaps, will the An-

EXERCISE: Finland and Sweden have all but disappeared from the headlines; we have almost forgotten where, who they are. A paragraph buried among the want ads of our daily paper reads: "To march together, to keep fit and smiling and be prepared... Finland and Sweden have been engaged in a three-weeks walking contest." Over a nine-mile course have been plodding Cabinet minister, school children, whole towns of contestants, to harden their youth. Victors were the Finns.

Hardened—for what?

RELIGIOUS BROADCASTING JEOPARDIZED: The recent ruling of the Federal Communications Commission on the network system of broadcasting has caused the radio preachers great concern.

At a meeting held May 28th they combined to send a letter to the President, which in part stated:

... "The recently issued report of the Federal Communications Commission, if put into effect, would, in our judgment, greatly curtail the opportunity for such nation-wide service, and would jeopardize cultural, educational, musical and religious broadcasting in general.

... The action proposed by the Federal Communications Commission seems to us hasty, drastic and ill-considered. Before so radical and precipitate an action is taken, we appeal to you for a full and searching investigation of this entire question, in the endeavor to determine whether the present organization of the radio industry or the proposed alternative will better serve the interests of all the people.

... In a time of crisis, when morale is vitally important, and when a spiritual ministry of non-sectarian character is by common consent needed as never before, it seems to us deplorable thus to throw religious broadcasting into confusion. Certainly we feel sure that no such action should be taken except after thorough investigation and upon convincing evidence of need."

Among the signers of the letter were such well-known radio personalities as Harry Emerson Fosdick, Norman Vincent Peale, Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft, Joseph Fort Newton, Walter Van Kirk, and Edgar DeWitt Jones.

C. E.: International Christian Endeavor will hold its thirty-eighth Convention at Atlantic City from July 8 to July 13th. It will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the first "C.E.", and the program looks like the best ever.

On the program appear the names of such speakers as Norman Vincent Peale, Louis H. Evans, Ralph Sockman, Vere Abbey of India and Joy Homer, author of "The Dawn Watch In China." There will be the usual mammoth parade on the Boardwalk, and the usual and tireless Rodeheaver leading the singing.

With our world covered with somber



© Keystone

OWEN D. YOUNG, FORMER CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., DIRECTOR OF MANY OTHER LARGE CORPORATIONS, AND ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST CITIZENS, WHO HAS PRESENTED HIS LIBRARY OF 15,000 RARE BOOKS TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

glican middle and upper classes. But the Sword group, which may adopt as its slogan "The Conservatives Must Go!" if they can get a united church front, may win out during the chaotic days that will certainly follow the end of the war.

This is a hint. We will all shortly be forced to make up our minds to one glaring fact: life on this planet, when the battles are done, will never, *can* never, be the same as it has been for the last century or so. An ex-paper-hanger from Vienna has changed all that. If he wins, we need not worry; he will regulate our lives for us. If he loses, it will be up to us, as Christian nations, to see to it that an order of living will be established that will never let this thing happen again. If we do not do that, then every last drop of blood spilled in this war will be as shamefully wasted as was the blood spilled in 1914-1918. God save us from that!

shadows, the Endeavorers can give us all a lot of courage in July. For youth to be singing "I Choose Christ!" when three-quarters of the world is choosing Mars, is something to make us oldsters stop and think. It takes the courage of the Christian to do that. But then, Christianity has been described as "The courage to attempt the impossible." It has always done that—in the hands of youth.

YOUTH UNITED: Evidences of the cooperative trends in American church youth appear in the merger of all Methodist youth groups into one big union—to be called The Methodist Youth Fellowship. The new Fellowship will hold its first meeting early in the fall.

What this Methodist youth is thinking is a lot more important than how it happens to organize. Here are some of their "thinks," as put into resolutions at a recent meeting of the Youth Commission at Nashville: they opposed convoys to Britain, deplored our drift toward war, favored an advisory referendum on entering the war, urged full support of conscientious objectors and pledged support to the proposed plans for feeding starving Europe.

Let us repeat: the older generation goes slow, and youth cuts clear across....

BIBLES: The American Bible Society and the Gideons will see to it that the Army, Navy and Marines are not without Bibles to read. Their program for this emergency is one of the most ambitious religious efforts yet inaugurated.

The Gideons will distribute one million copies of a vest-pocket size New Testament and Psalms to the men-in-arms. The American Bible Society will supply pulpit Bibles for every one of the new 604 chapels being erected by the War Department, and, following a custom begun in the year 1831, the Society will also supply each new naval vessel with a ship's Bible, as it is needed. Nearly 68,000 New Testaments have already been issued to the chaplains among the armed forces, and the rate of issue is rapidly increasing.

SECULAR: "Pic" Magazine ran a symposium on "Peace—What Shall It Be?" in their May 27th issue. It was written by three prominent clergymen: Methodist Bishop Oxnam, Msgr. Fulton Sheen, and Rabbi Stephen Wise.

We may get a letter or two from some outraged readers for even mentioning "Pic;" this hasn't been exactly the sort of magazine that the high-minded go for. Rather it has been one for the lovers of bathing-beauty contests, et al. We are not interested in what "Pic" has been so much as we are in the fact that a paper with such an editorial policy has suddenly realized the tremendous importance of religious discussion in America.

This is a trend on the part of the

whole secular press. From "Pic" to "Fortune", they are all "going religious." When editors do that, you can be sure they do it because there is a public demand for it. The secular press can do things for the religious life of this country that the denomination press can never do, inasmuch as it is entirely free of all denominational restrictions and debates. It reaches people who never read religious magazines. It is free to concentrate on the great common basic beliefs, faiths, and hopes that make us one, under the skin.

HERE AND THERE: The United Brethren and the Evangelical Churches are said to be ready for merger, within a few year's time . . . U of Chicago Divinity School will hold a conference on "Religion and Personality Integration" August 5 to 9 . . . Governor Van Wagoner of Michigan has appointed four ministers to various labor commissions and boards, plans to appoint more . . . The National Committee for Religious Recovery will henceforth be called the Laymen's National Committee for Religion and Defense . . . Larger giving in all denominations, due to war-time stimulation, is reported by Dr. Harry Meyers of the United Stewardship Council . . . U. S. Catholics have reached all-time high in membership: they now number 22,293,101 . . . Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is in Hollywood, assisting Warner Bros. in producing the motion picture "One Foot in Heaven."

TEMPERANCE

FORD, SHEPPARD: The late Senator Sheppard of Texas, probably the best-known temperance and prohibition advocate the U. S. Senate has ever had, once made a speech in the Senate in which he quoted Henry Ford. We quote Shepard's quote on Ford:

"Before prohibition, in each group of 5,000 men (in his workshops), only about 100 gave trouble because of indulgence in liquor; after prohibition the number giving trouble on account of drinking in each group of 5,000 was less than 10. . . . as a result of prohibition, men in the plants were working more, working better, wasting less and saving more. . . ."

And now we are witnessing a drive to give the working-man more beer so he can "speed up the defense program!" We wonder what Mr. Ford would have to say to that one?

DEFENSE DOLLARS: Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, who would have us be wiser in our thinking on alcohol, releases these figures in relief, repeal, debt, taxes, defense dollars:

1. More money has been spent for liquor in the eight years since repeal than the entire government relief expenditures for the same period.

2. For every dollar the national debt has increased during the repeal era, a matching dollar has been spent for whiskey, beer and wine.
3. Expenditures of the American people for liquor and the indirect results of liquor since repeal amount to enough to more than wipe out the entire federal government debt as of January 1, 1941.

'Nuff said!

SOLDIERS: A ranking member of Congress who was a ranking officer in World War I recently let the beer-cat out of the bag with some devastating figures. This officer went to France at the head of 300 men; only thirteen of these smoked cigarettes before entering the Army. But when they came back, he had 299 cigarette smokers in his command; only the commander was an cigarette-abstainer. Why? Well, some of us who served in that war can remember that every time we went visiting, every time we came into town, every time our friends came to see us in camp, we were offered anything from one cigarette to a carton. We literally had cigarettes thrust upon us.

Something worse is being forced upon the men in camp now. It is beer. Why? Well,—the beer men see a big new market, and *they* should worry about the wholesale creation of young American drinkers!

GERMANS: The word "German" has always been a synonym for "beer drinker," in the minds of most of us; one went with the other. They are trying to change that in Germany. Hitler is an abstainer, and he has created an army of abstainers; in this he has the backing, either deliberate or accidental, of the German Association of Neurologists and Psychiatrists, who declared at a recent meeting:

"The German Association of Neurologists and Psychiatrists is bound to consider any claim that beer is healthful by virtue of the calories contained therein as an attempt to mislead the people. Because of the high percentage of alcohol, beer can by no means be regarded as a true article of food, or even harmless. It is hereby affirmed that alcohol has a deleterious effect upon several tissues of the human body. These effects are especially harmful to the nervous system, even if only a part of the daily food supply is taken in the form of beer . . ."

Doctors are doctors, in whatever country . . . and the doctors know.

PROTEIN: Courtney Weeks, in his new book, *Alcohol And Human Life*, tells us that the average man requires some two and a half ounces of protein per day; he can get that if he drinks seventy pints of beer every twenty-four hours, or he can get it by drinking three and a half pints of milk. Make mine milk!

CHRISTIAN *Herald*

►►►►►►►►► JULY 1941

FOURTH OF JULY MEDITATIONS

A DISTINGUISHED educator has said, "America's two great tasks are, first, stopping the dictators, and second, perfecting American democracy." If he is right, he is only two-thirds right, for to this program must be added, in so far as it is possible for America, "making the blessings of democracy available everywhere in the world." No man "liveth unto himself," nor may a nation. Eventually freedom cannot be maintained anywhere unless it is made available everywhere. Here joins the present crisis and at its heart is Christ's great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Considering the social and political aspects of the present crisis, we live in a world of uncertainty. Internationally, the wisest economists speak without assurance. In America, only death and taxes are not uncertain, while the individual in every age level and circumstance of life is torn by doubt. But one thing is sure: to achieve less than American unity now would be to invite a major disaster. This unity will not be uniformity. Uniformity is sterility. Unity is dynamic, propagating power. Its very strength lies in differences blended whole to meet the present crisis.

Aside from our agreement to build and maintain the adequate defenses of the nation and our recognition that these defenses must stand on moral and spiritual foundations, our unity will find its first expression in a sacrificial program for peace. Increasingly it becomes apparent that such a program includes these elements and principles, allegiance to which *Christian Herald* has repeatedly affirmed:

First, America's support of a world agency for the administration of affairs.

Second, America's support of police power and the use of police force to make effective such a world agency.

Third, America's support of the substitution of collective responsibility for national ownership of colonies and mandated areas.



Fourth, America's support of open economic frontiers with free access to raw materials and natural resources. Also America's support of the principle of reciprocal trade agreements. *Fifth*, America's acceptance of the principle that higher levels of life eventually cannot be maintained anywhere unless they are made available everywhere.

For peace or war, in some such program, the goal of America must be set if the spirit of America is to be united and crystallized for adequate national defense. Beyond this, such a program, offered and supported by America, would become the world's hope.

Religious Radio

In the news section of this issue appears a statement signed by sixty-one clergymen of all faiths, who are among the most distinguished national radio voices of the Protestant church. These men have prepared and signed a searching protest against the recently published report of the Federal Communications Commission. They believe that the recommendations of this report, if put into effect, would jeopardize cultural, educational, musical, and religious broadcasting. They appeal directly to the President and to the Senate of the United States for a full and searching investigation of the entire question.

Christian Herald indorses their appeal. It is thoroughly American. It should be granted.

Boos for Britain

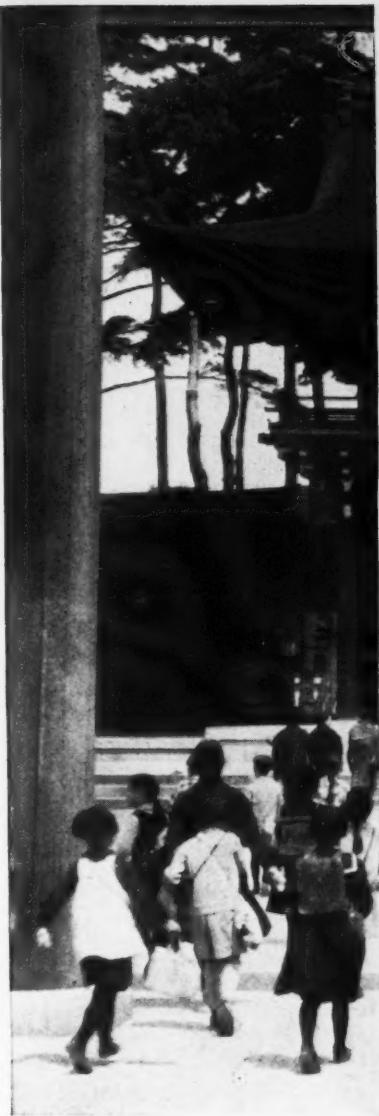
THE unrebuked "boos" for Britain in certain great mass meetings are equally "heils" for Hitler, and he hears them. Can those who speak now so as to please the dictators, however sincerely they speak, be speaking for the best interests of America? Let us be warned.

It is the right of those who disagree with our national leadership to be heard. Also it is the right of the American people to know what these same men think about liquidators of religion, ruthless destroyers of small democracies, slave-drivers of a new world order. Silence or evasion here from men who call for a new national leadership becomes daily more significant and more ominous.

It would be a major tragedy for any man or group not to be allowed to speak, but it is hardly less a tragedy when in a time of declared national emergency free speech is invoked to attack the integrity of the nation's commander-in-chief. Surely we may disagree without sabotage of American unity.

On this Fourth of July, whatever else we are, we must be Americans all.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



SHRINE TO MUTSOHITO



IN TOKYO, JAPAN

Christian Church in JAPAN

By

SAM WELLES

•

I came, reassured that the Japanese Protestants in the suddenly-united Nippon Kirisuto Kyodan ("Japan Christian Church") can be trusted to work out their own destiny without compromising their essential Christian witness. More, they left Riverside with a real feeling that the new church, being as

AS THE religion editor of *Time*, I was the only correspondent who attended the epochal six-day conference between the Christian leaders of Japan and America at Riverside, California in April.* So some of my information is firsthand, although much of it I obtained elsewhere.

It was a private, unofficial gathering whose importance far outranked most public, official meetings because of the magnitude of the problems it met and successfully surmounted. It marked the end of an eighty-year era during which thousands of American missionaries devoted their lives and millions of Americans gave well over \$100,000,000 to spreading the Gospel in Japan.

The American delegates went, as I went, with grave doubts about the future of that evangelism. They came away, as

indigenous as Fujiyama, might make Japan more Christian than foreign missions alone ever succeeded in doing.

War clouds hung heavy and the fate of Christianity in Japan was confused by conflicting stories from journalists and missionaries recalled or about to be recalled from Nippon, when Japanese Christians requested a meeting for the purpose of "prayer and to explore ways to preserve peace between Japan and the United States." Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, one of the Riverside conferees—whose work in the teeming slums of Japan has half blinded him but made him world famous—put it even more succinctly: "Let's keep the Pacific blue instead of red." He and his eight fellow-delegates, led by lean, cheerful Dr. Yoshimune Abe, bishop of the Japan Methodist Church, came with no backing from their government but with ample spiritual and

*See page 9 our June, 1941 issue. Ed.)



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Members of the Riverside Conference, April 20-27, 1941. Front row, l to r, William Axling, Tsuenjiro Matsuura, Mrs. Augustus Trowbridge, Miss Sarah Lyon, Bishop Yoshimune Abe, Miss Michi Kawai, Mrs. Robert L. Bowen, Michio Kazaki, Douglas Horton, Soichi Saito. Second row l to r, A. L. Warnshuis, Bishop W. Bertrand Stevens, Albert Edward Day, Bishop James C. Baker, Roswell P. Barnes, Ralph E. Diffendorfer, Kenneth Scott Latourette, Paul C. Johnson, Luman J. Shafer, Galen M. Fisher. Back row, l to r, Emory Ross, Hachiro Yuasa, Toyohiko Kagawa, Abdel R. Wentz, Kiyozumi Ogawa

financial support from Japanese Christians.

To hear Japan's case, American Protestantism sent a group of seventeen leaders who could relay the results to their constituency. Among them were Methodist Bishop James C. Baker, Episcopal Bishop W. Bertrand Stevens, Presbyterian and Lutheran seminary presidents John A. Mackay and Abdel Ross Wentz, Dr. Albert E. Day and Roswell P. Barnes of the Federal Council of Churches, Mrs. Augustus Trowbridge, former president of the Council of Women for Home Missions, Church Historian Kenneth S. Latourette of Yale, Dr. A. L. Warnshuis of the International Missionary Council, Dr. Emory Ross of the Foreign Missions Conference and Dr. Luman J. Shafer of the Reformed Church in America; also mission board executives from the Reformed, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Dr. Douglas Horton, general secretary of the Congregational-Christian Church, was the American chairman.

Even though it eschewed politics by common consent, the problems tackled by this crossroads conference were both ticklish and tremendous: the present and future of foreign missions in Japanese territory; how far the recent merger of

forty-two different Japanese denominations into one united Protestant church was a spiritual union from within and how far it was forced by pressure from without; whether attendance at State Shinto shrines by Japanese Christians is patriotic or pagan; and gravest of all, whether Japanese churchmen, caught in a rising tide of nationalism, can preserve their Christianity in more than name.

The conference found positive answers to all these weighty questions. The answers are as unofficial as the meeting itself, but their effect will be far-reaching —thanks to the individual influence of the American and Japanese delegates.

Briefly, the story told by Bishop Abe and his comrades was this:

Last summer, for the first time in history, war became an active possibility between America and a nation America had evangelized. Japan reacted by banning foreign mission executives and funds, just as the United States might bar German cultural agents from key posts in American churches. "Freedom from foreign money and foreigner management" was the slogan. Japanese Christians did what they thought best; they quickly took control of the church before their government should crack down still further.

A Statement by

DR. KAGAWA

The gist of my mission addresses is that there is full proof, with reference to modern science, that God is the creator of the universe, and that Christianity is therefore not racial or regional but a universal religion. I have endeavored to reach the non-Christian mass of the Japanese people by picking out certain specific groups—lepers, bank clerks, fishermen, nurses, lawyers, tuberculosis patients—and tackling them one at a time. No Japanese Christians will be passive. Like the men in the army who give their lives for their country, we must have a devotion in which we offer our very bodies for the faith.

This disturbed American Christians. To them the move looked, in the phrase of a Methodist missionary, as though it were tied up in "nationalistic swaddling clothes." The first reports of a pan-Protestant merger into a "Genuine Japan Christian Church" under State regulation, coupled with rumors about shrine worship, alarmed them still more.



★



Bishop Yoshimune Abe



Kagawa and his family at grace before a meal

Japanese churchmen got a chance to allay these fears in the cloistered, friendly, morning-to-midnight sessions at Riverside's rambling, garden-girt Mission Inn. The two ministers foremost in the merger—Bishop Abe and the Rev. Michio Kozaki, who was educated at Oberlin, Columbia and Yale and is now pastor of Tokyo's Roinanzaka Congregational Church and vice-chairman of Japan's National Christian Council—unequivocally declared that the forty-

two denominations in the Nippon Kirisuto Kyodan had united of their own free will, had unanimously adopted the Old and New Testaments and the entire Apostles' Creed as their standard of faith.

Nearly two-thirds of Japan's 350,000 Christians, who wield an influence far greater than their numbers, belong to the new united church. It includes every Christian body in Japan except the Roman Catholics, Russian Orthodox, Episcopalian, (who announced that since, doctrinally, they are both Catholic and

interfered and has no intention of interfering with the doctrine of the church," said Bishop Abe. The only governmental control is a supervisory check on the church's administration—such a control as New York State, through its corporation laws, has over the legal and financial affairs of every incorporated church in the state. This is provided under the 1940 Religious Bodies Act, which recognizes Christianity as an official Japanese religion along with Shintoism and Buddhism. Japanese Christians helped draft this law. Prominent churchmen in Parliament, including a delegate to Riverside, the Hon. Tsuneyoshi Matsuyama, Congregational lay leader and former Cabinet minister, helped pass it.

Another delegate, Mr. Soichi Saito, Baptist layman and general secretary of Japan's Y.M.C.A., reminded the American conferees how recent a development Christianity is in his country. It was banned until 1873, and not until the Constitution of 1889 was religious freedom granted by a clause reading: "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief."

To American Christians, the most dubious of these qualifying-clause "duties as subjects" for Japanese churchmen is attendance at State Shinto shrines. Since the 1931 invasion of Manchuria started "the new order in East Asia," increasing nationalistic fervor had gradually compelled all loyal Japanese subjects—the 350,000 Christians as well as the 16,000,000 Shintoists and 41,000,000 Buddhists—to take part in shrine ceremonies.

The Japanese Government officially distinguishes between religious Shinto and State Shinto. It says that the latter is a patriotic form of politeness to departed heroes, and that a reverent bow before a State Shinto shrine no more compromises a Christian's belief than does hat-doffing as a sign of respect before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington or a Red-fearing school board's insistence that every pupil salute the American flag.

But since the shrines, especially the famous Ise Shrine near Kyoto, honor Amaterasu Omikami, the Sun Goddess, and her direct descendants, the whole 2,600-year-old Japanese imperial line including the present Emperor—all of whom the Japanese consider to be divinities—many U. S. Christians and some Japanese Christians see an uncomfortably close parallel between shrine reverence and worship of the Roman Emperors, which early Christians considered apostasy and died rather than do.

But the Japanese at Riverside declared unconditionally that for them shrinegoing was not churchgoing, nor Amaterasu and her descendants in any sense equivalent to God. Christians, they said, do not take part in ceremonies at the religious shrines, and unlike other Japanese

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FRIENDS IN DEED

By Richard Maxwell

HOW far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

To call the world "naughty" in these troubled times may be a bit facetious; however, these dark days only serve to accentuate the candle-power of unselfishness and kindness. I am not speaking in terms of the nobility of people under stress—such as the unforgettable stand of the Finns, the moral courage of the Greeks or the Yugoslavs, or even the British. I am talking of everyday humanity—unheralded, quiet brotherhood close at hand.

Many of our neighbors and friends—many of those we work with side by side—are wonderfully fine persons. It is only when some opportunity sheds light on one of their secret and unselfish little impulses that we realize this. For example, how many of the acquaintances of Willie Lee Buffington of South Carolina knew that his greatest desire was to provide a modest library to the old colored school teacher who had taught him in his boyhood? With nothing but a much-thumbed Bible and well-worn old geography for text books, for many years the old schoolmaster had been doing his best to fit his backwoods children to fight the battle of economic existence. Willie Lee, earning but \$12.00 a week in a town miles away from the scenes of his boyhood, had wanted to do something for a long time. But his modest wages provided only a meagre living for his family—he was married now. He never seemed to have any money to spare for "outside" interests. However, at the end of one week he found himself with a ten-cent surplus. Only a dime—but he decided to start anyhow. He bought stamps with

his ten cent piece, wrote letters to names carefully chosen, explained his hopes and asked for books—any old books.* Today his aged colored school teacher has a little log-cabin Free Library for the children—and their community as well. So have over twenty-five other rural towns in South Carolina—all from Willie Lee Buffington's ten cent piece and a heart full of human kindness.

When John Hamilton saw how many of the poor school children in his town just outside of Oklahoma City, wore shoes much too large or too small for them—how many put cardboard inside their shoes because of big holes in their soles—his heart was moved to act. In his younger days he had been a cobbler, so he opened a shop where the poorest children could bring their shoes to be mended free of charge; here he gathered together all the old shoes he could get to repair and distribute, or to cut up and use in mending other shoes. In the past five years he has served thousands of children and even grown-ups, reviving his skill for the poor people of his town—all without a cent of return.

We often hear of mob violence and mass hysteria—yet groups are more often turned to deeds of generosity. Just at harvest time in Emmitsburg, Maryland, Martin Heier, a farmer, was suddenly taken seriously ill. He would have suffered a severe financial loss if his crop were not harvested. A member of the local American Legion post organized an old-fashioned "husking bee," and all together they went out to his farm and brought in his crops.

*One of those to whom he wrote was Beatrice Plumb, whose subsequent article about him in the December, 1935, issue of Christian Herald resulted in an avalanche of books. Ed.

In Garden City, Virginia—suburb of Roanoke—young Marshall McNeill became so ill with tuberculosis that he could no longer work and was dispossessed. Sympathetic neighbors built a new house for him and his courageous family out of their own funds and entirely through their own efforts. Instances of neighbors coming to the rescue in a body are not uncommon—many a destitute family has found its sorrow turned to joy through the combined efforts of neighbors who have rebuilt—and often refurnished—a burned-down home. There was Mrs. T. L. Lamb who led her neighbors to rebuild a home for elderly "Aunt Sarah" of Asheville, North Carolina, and Pastor Fred Helfer of Hiram, Ohio, who did the same for a family in his community.

Few examples of the unselfishness of every-day life are more touching than those of our little children. They are so unpremeditated and whole-hearted. In Bristol, New Hampshire, nine-year-old Maynard Pickard had been helping a blind farmer with his chores after school. The man was strong and capable, but because of a sudden blindness was unable to carry on alone. Little nine-year-old Maynard voluntarily gave up his entire summer vacation to be the eyes of his farmer neighbor, to lead him around the farm so he could do the farm work which had to be done. No one asked Maynard to do this. He himself saw the extreme need of his friend and saw how he could help—and though it meant giving up summer baseball games with the other fellers—giving up many a swim in the old swimmin' hole, many an hour of freedom—still he did not hesitate to be a "Friend In Deed". Yet his unselfishness is no more inspiring than that of the McCalmon children of Kansas City. Their father's inseparable companion was "Gwen," a Seeing Eye Dog—for he was blind. "Gwen" was also the pet, pal and playmate of the four youngsters. She was one of the family in every sense of the word. Yet when the father died, the four McCalmon children (Clonda, Lewis, Clifford and Clifton) voluntarily gave up their beloved pet, returning her



to the Seeing Eye of Morristown, New Jersey. With her they sent this letter: "Gwen served our Daddy for three years and was a good and faithful guide to the very end . . . There are four of us children and two of us are twins. When "Gwen" came to us three years ago, the twins were small, yet she was always good to them and was never cross. We would like to keep her, but we want someone else to be guided and cared for as she did for our Daddy. So please



be very good to Gwen as we love her very dearly." Somehow or other when we hear of such instances of unselfish thoughtfulness in little children, we need not fear for the future of the human race.

At the very beginning I quoted one of Shakespeare's famous lines likening a good deed to a candle's light. Strange it is that today our unit of measurement of a light of *any* intensity still is "candle-power." Likewise, simple everyday good deeds, are the unit of measurement of humanity, of Christianity, of all spiritual progress. Yet even a little deed may light the way to a great one benefiting thousands—perhaps the whole world.

When Mother McAvoy induced a seaman just off his ship, to give her his year's wages to keep for him in her safe in the back of her little drug-store on Christopher Street, how could she know that it would lead to hundreds of other sailors doing the same thing? Many a sailor's wife and family received substantial support from her motherly overseeing of earnings which otherwise were too often spent drinking and gambling when her sailor boys first "got ashore."

How could Harry Edmonds realize that his hospitality to several of the friendless foreign students at Columbia University would lead to the million dollar International House with its countless benefits to the strangers within our gates and to international good will? It is certain that Gus McClellan, a steel

worker of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, when he first started his hobby of making and assembling life-saving devices, never dreamed that within eighteen years he would have contributed directly to the life saving of over 633 persons. Or of another good seed he has sown. A personal letter from Mrs. Gus McClellan has just come to me, and with it a newspaper clipping. During her husband's absence recently, a hurry-up call came in for "Gus, the life saver." A neighbor had been overcome by carbon monoxide gas. Her two sons,—Robert, 14, and Clair, 12—grabbed their father's inhalator, rushed to the scene of the disaster, and after administering artificial respiration for forty-five minutes, succeeded in saving life number 634! No wonder she is proud—with a husband and two sons of that caliber!

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gower started a large flower garden because of their love for growing things. As a direct result, they have distributed to the sick in their community 200,000 bouquets to cheer painful illnesses and dragging hours. Nor could little seven-year-old Hattie Wiatt of Philadelphia realize what her childish savings would lead to. The little church she attended often could not seat all the people who came to worship. She heard the minister express the hope that someday they might have a new and bigger church. So she started to save her pennies—and worked at anything and everything she could think of—running errands, helping mother, saving the penny given for gumdrops, until finally she had fifty-seven in her little red pocket-book. But here it was her life's work ended, for just before her sixth birthday Hattie was suddenly taken ill. On her deathbed she revealed what she had secretly been saving it for—a new church. That was back in the 1880's, yet somewhere today little Hattie Wiatt must know that the beautiful Temple Baptist Church in Philadelphia, Temple University with its twelve colleges and the Temple Medical Center with its three hospitals—all flowed out of her little red pocket-books, her little life's contribution of fifty-seven cents!

We never know what road or whose path our tiniest good deeds will light.

When Gladys Thornton, a girl working her way through school in Boston, read of grave illness and trouble descending on a nearby family, how could she know that her sudden impulse to send them eight dollars would save a mother and her four

little children from life-long poverty? Nothing could have been more timely—the ill father's insurance policy would have lapsed that very day had Gladys Thornton not obeyed her generous impulse. The father never recovered.

How do I know these things are true? For the past seven or eight months I have conducted a C.B.S. radio program five afternoons a week, at 3:30. On this broadcast we dramatize outstanding ex-



amples of unselfishness, and in appreciation, we make a daily award of a silver "Friend In Deed" medal. Already we have told of more than 150 such grand persons—and of course each example is carefully investigated and verified beforehand.

People of all ranks and stations of life are Friends In Deed—unselfishness is not confined to any one group, any more than is happiness or peace. Rich and poor, men, women and children, old and young—all are lighting the candles of friendship and kindness toward those less fortunate.

A banker in Roanoke took over the





Doc Witten has, singlehanded, brought up nearly 100 homeless boys

stand of a crippled newsdealer when he was taken to the hospital and kept his business going for him all during his illness. Another business man—on vacation—aided an unemployed elderly man in setting up a little business in whittled pen knives and gadgets—making him self-supporting.

In New York City Mrs. Walter Sedgwick talked with a lonely old woman in Grand Central Station—out of that chance meeting she organized the "L" Club ("L" standing for "50"), a free club for women over fifty. It is a place where they can go, read, knit, and pass their time in friendly chatting and companionship, instead of loneliness in a big city.

For many years one of the prominent citizens of Trenton, New Jersey, maintained an "alias" in a manner which brought joy to hundreds of lonely little orphans and "forgotten" children. This gentleman encouraged the children of orphanages and similar institutions to write letters to Santa Claus before Christmas. He gathered up all the letters himself—and out of his own pocket bought one or more of the hoped-for presents for each child. He became known as "Alias Santa Claus" until finally after more than twenty-five years his true identity was established. Joseph Buch is the real name of this grand Friend In Deed, whose work still goes on with some of his other friends who are now in on his secret.

Obviously many of these are people of means—yet they do not give of a mere surplus—they give in every sense of the word—their own ideas, their own time, their own selves. Yet one of the most touching of all kindly deeds came about some ten or fifteen years ago in West Orange, New Jersey. A tramp knocked at the back door of Mrs. Osborn's home and asked for a bite to eat.

While eating, he seemed especially drawn to her little daughter Lois, a child whose frail body was withered from infantile paralysis. After talking with her for a few minutes, the beggar thanked them both and left. Next day he again appeared at the back door and for a moment resentment came into Mrs. Osborn's face; "back for another meal," she thought. But no, the man in the tattered clothes asked for the little girl, and gave to her a little book about leaves—all about leaves of trees with pictures of each variety. He explained carefully about the kinds to be found within a short distance of her home, pointing out more than twenty varieties that he had made sure of before he had come back. "Now see how many you can find," and he left as he had come—quietly swallowed up in the sea of humanity.

It was only a ten cent book—such as could be bought in any dime store—but the ragged stranger had walked several miles to purchase it—perhaps with his only dime—and had come all the way back to the crippled little girl with his simple, unselfish offering.

During the following months, before she left our world of trees and human frailties, little Lois spent many happy hours in a new incentive to attempt to strengthen wasted little muscles, hunting for and collecting pretty leaves of trees native to her vicinity. The tramp has gone, and little Lois has gone, but the memory of the crossing

of their two paths will brighten the mother's heart forever. And somehow I wonder if it hasn't something to do with the hours and hours of unselfish effort Mrs. Harry Osborn constantly gives to others—wherever she sees an opportunity?

Way down south in Birmingham, Alabama, is a naturalized Italian barber—whose Americanism means more to him than anything else. So proud is he that he gives freely of his time and efforts to enable other "newcomers" to get their naturalization papers and to become American citizens. Night after night finds Jacob Guercio industriously teaching groups the rudiments of English and American history and in every way preparing them to become future citizens of the United States. During the past twenty-five years or more he has encouraged, aided and sponsored over fifteen hundred new Americans.

Many of these good friends suffered bitterly at some time in their life and are helping others as a result of their own experiences. Such a friend is Harry Clinton Eva. When he was a mere boy of fourteen, his wages were so small that he gave his entire weekly pay check to his landlady. When he lost his job because his clothes were so shabby, she turned him out in the street, homeless and penniless. Cold, hungry and friendless, he slept on park benches, vowing that some day he would establish some sort of a haven for friendless boys in a similar position. Nine years later he had scrimped and saved a total of \$400 with which he began. Today he has a modest little home in the Bronx of New York City whose roof has sheltered, whose iron cots have slept, and whose kitchen has fed over 39,000 boys who needed a friend in their darkest hours. Harry Clinton Eva is that friend whose vow has come



Mr. Maxwell broadcasts over CBS five times a week at 3:30

true in his life's work for others.

Julius Lowenstein, who always spends his Sundays—(only missing one in over thirty-eight years)—in calling on hundreds of sick in the hospitals in Asheville, North Carolina—the friend of any one ill while away from home, a friend to stand by and to help in countless little

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Little Eskimo girls like Mamie
are often left to starve



snow and drove on. She watched them for a time—she had afterwards related—and then, tramping about in the snow, so little and so cold, she had found a shed leaning against a shack where another Eskimo family lived. She went into the shed and the family found her there. They did not want her either; they had enough children of their own. But they

Mamie Mamuli

let her stay, and she slept under a bunk with the dogs. It was the only place they had for her.

She lived for a number of weeks in this way, creeping out at times when the men were away, and eating scraps of food that were thrown to her or that she could manage to get away from the puppy.

Mrs. Johnson heard of the child, but at first could not find her. One day, when out calling, she saw something under a bunk that even in the dim light, did not look exactly like a dog. Kneeling down, she pulled out the little Eskimo girl, that by this time was suffering terribly from scurvy and from many sores on her thin little body. She had a big open wound on her face where a dog had bitten her, and her dirty, lousy fur parka and mukluks were in tatters.

Mrs. Johnson took her home to the first bath, the first good food, the first soft bed that she had ever known. That was a year ago. Mamie would always be frail, but she had responded well to the good care she had received, and could safely be sent to us, now that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had to return to the States.

The next morning after Mamie came, all the children were getting ready for Sunday School. The big sewing room at the girls' house was an interesting, noisy place, with little girls running in and out with Sunday ribbons, shoes and dresses, and with big girls calling to them to come and get their hair combed.

Mamie sat on a bench by the wall, watching silently with big eyes. She had never imagined that there were so many girls in all the world. Little Anna asked, "Isn't Mamie going to have a Sunday dress?"

I thought of a red plaid up in the third floor store room and hastened to get it. Mamie said nothing as I slipped it over her head, but one glimpse at her face told me that she had just stepped into heaven.

Anyone would have thought that constant hardship such as Mamie had suffered would have obliterated all individ-

uality. Yet in a few weeks, here she was, playing in the big side yard along with the other children as though she had always lived with us. Very busy each day making playhouses and mud pies, and hotly contesting her right to precious bits of broken dishes and tin cans washed up by the tide.

Several weeks after Mamie came, as the children gathered about me listening to a story, Little Evelyn said, "Isn't Mamie going to have any birthday? You haven't given her one yet."

"That's right," I replied, "I'll give her one right away," and I took my birthday book down from the shelf.

Our doctor used to say that the girls' matron gave out birthdays with as much assurance as the Lord, but it is my contention that no child should miss the excitement of a birthday, a cake and a party. Accordingly whenever a child came, whose birth had not been recorded, I assigned a day to her and put it down in my book. Mamie was given May the fifth.

Immediately, now that she had a birthday, Evelyn asked her whom she was going to invite to her party. In our home we could not celebrate each child's birthday separately, so all birthdays falling within the month were celebrated together, with a supper party held in some teacher's room. Each child could invite a guest and act also as hostess in helping to plan the menu and prepare the meal. I kept a small fund for this purpose, and we always had something to eat at our birthday parties that ordinarily we could not afford. Such occasions were times of great joy and excitement, and guests were invited weeks ahead. Now Mamie, who so recently had never heard that there were such things as birthdays, had one of her own and could plan with the others, for soon it would be May the fifth.

She inquired so often after that, as to how many days until the supper party, that Olga, one of the big girls, made a red circle around the date on the wall calendar for all to see. For this consideration, Mamie was so grateful that she was undecided no longer as to whom she would invite, but invited Olga then and there, and with beaming face sat beside her at the table.

In a few weeks the snow had melted and there were long days for playing on the grassy hills, or down on hands and knees picking and eating the small black moss berries, or romping by the creek with the goats, and at low tide, away out hunting for mussels.

Then September, with school, and Mamie excitedly entering another new world. She learned well at school and was especially good in singing, and in reciting poems. At Christmas time she was on our program, and I can see her now as she stood alone on the platform and with radiant face recited "Everywhere—everywhere—Christmas tonight."

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The story of an Eskimo child
whose family did not want her

By Mary Winchell

 ONE Saturday afternoon a boat came from the Kuskokwim River country, bringing Mamie Mumuli, Eskimo child, to our mission home on the Aleutian Islands.

One of the men from the crew brought her up to the house. When I opened the door in response to his knock, he merely said that the child was for us, then hurried back to the boat. I looked down at her then, and found her looking up at me, so soberly and intently that I was amused and felt interested in her at once. She was not pretty, for her sticking-out ears parted her straight, black, bobbed hair and there was a big half-circle scar on one cheek. But her eyes were bright and alert.

There was a letter in her hand. It came from Mrs. Johnson, the school-teacher of the Kuskokwim region, and it told of Mamie's short life.

She was an orphan who had lived with an Eskimo family that did not want her. Driving by dog team through a strange village, they put her off in the

Saving the Rural Church



Just as he had begun to do some real work in his church, he had to leave for another parish, where the same process would be repeated in the next few years

By David Lindsley

THE town in which I live (it is scarcely more than a village, clustered about two or three factories and mills) is part of an "arm" of five industrial settlements stretching out from one of the large industrial centers of the east. The whole area covered by the "arm" is a half-rural, half-urban development.

Within four miles of my home there are ten Protestant churches. In the same area there are only two churches for Roman Catholics, although the Catholics are about equal in number to the Protestants. Within the past year, nine out of the ten Protestant churches have had to find a new minister—and in no case had the departing pastor been in the parish for more than two, three or four years! In other words the situation had been this: a minister had come to the parish, had become acquainted with his new job, and had just begun to do some real work in his new church, when—he was off to another parish where, presumably, the same process would be repeated within the next few years!

This state of affairs has set many of my neighbors to thinking about the relation of a Protestant church to its minister; and, although very little has so far been done to change the situation, I am convinced that sooner or later some real changes will come.

What I want to do now is to set down some of my own thoughts on paper, and see how others feel about the matter.

All the ministerial changes which have occurred in the churches of this vicinity during the past year have been due to one of three causes: either old age and death, or ill feeling between the minister and his people, or a call from a larger church in some goodsized town or city. Since I have

occasion to travel a good deal each year, I thought it might be interesting to check up on the situation in other towns in various parts of the country. Perhaps the churches with which I was acquainted would prove to be typical cases; perhaps they would prove to be exceptions. . . . At any rate, it wouldn't do any harm to find out.

For many months now, I have been talking about church affairs in nearly every town and village that I have visited. And I have been finding out that ours was no peculiar situation, but one which is fairly common to most rural or suburban churches. The same three causes seem to be making for short pastorates everywhere—old age, illwill and another call!

Many of the rural churches which I have visited, not having a very large budget, were forced to call an old man to be their minister. Often he was a man who had passed the retirement age of sixty or sixty-five; but because his pension (if he had one) was inadequate to meet his needs, he was forced to seek some little pastorate where he could earn a few hundred dollars a year and thus eke out a bare living for himself and his wife.

It has been pitiful to see these churches and their ministers—pitiful beyond anything I can say. Most of them were, obviously, going downhill. The only sign of life about them was a feeble trickle of the faithful going into them and coming out again on a Sunday morning. Often I asked the younger married people in the neighborhood if they liked, say, old Rev.

S. And in nearly every case their answer would be: "Why, of course! He's a fine old man. . . . a real Christian spirit!" But they rarely went to hear him preach—rarely took any interest at all in the church of which he was pastor. And so the church tottered along on its decline. I have seen that situation too often to doubt that it is a prevalent one.

On the other hand, some of the small churches which I have known have had ministers who were approaching, or had just reached, middle age—men who could be expected to have reached the height of their power. Yet on the whole their pastorates were comparative short, for either they were forever on the watch for another church where the salary would more adequately meet their needs, or else they possessed some personal trait that, in a little while, made them 'persona non grata' to their congregations.

I have in mind, especially, three men whose histories I have come to know rather well.

Mr. R.—had not been in his last parish very many weeks when his people found him carrying tales about them—and adding his own personal judgment on this or that member of his flock when he had finished his bit of gossip! His pastorate was extremely brief and extremely unpleasant.

Mr. S.—was far too narrow-minded and set in his own opinions ever to be able to be happy as the pastor of a church—for churches are very largely made up of more-or-less average human beings strange-

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ly compounded of foibles and frailties! I knew Mr. S— while he was serving two different churches in widely different places, and he was practically forced to leave both churches. He simply could not get along with people. He never should have entered the ministry; he never will be happy in it. But there he is, moving continually from one church to another—always in the hope that the 'next' one will be better than this!

MR. T— was having a hard time of it financially. Serving a small church on a meager salary, he was unable to meet his expenses. So he came to think that a man in his position need not be too meticulous in paying his bills. The results, of course, were disastrous.

Not one of those three men wants to go back and visit his former parishioners. And, from all that I have heard, the people themselves are quite willing that they should never come back.

For one who is interested in the Church, it is heart-rending to see situations like these. The churches which these men were serving did not seem to be going downhill; but no church can thrive on ill-will between the minister and his people. Soon, here and there, the people begin to drift away, or else they get into a quarrel and the church begins to split.

Sometimes the situation in the small church seems, at least on the surface, to be far better than this. A few years back, a church that I knew became interested in a young fellow who had just been graduated from seminary. He had had an exceptionally good education, had recently married a charming young girl, and was looking for his first church. The church extended a call to him, and soon he was installed as its minister. He seemed to be getting on splendidly with his work. His work with young people was extraordinarily good, and he had gotten a fine group of them interested in the church. Then suddenly—scarcely two years after his arrival—he departed! He had received a call to become the minister of a large city church!

Of course, one may say that the young minister was lucky, and that the large city church was lucky. Yes, but how about the little rural church which he was leaving? He had just gotten to know his people—his *real* work was just about to begin! Because it could not compete with the city church, the rural church was left holding the short end of the stick.

A FEW weeks ago I heard the young minister of a rural church preaching as a "supply" in the pulpit of a nearby city church. After the service, as he was shaking hands with the members of the congregation at the front door, he was approached by a rather intelligent-looking man of middle age. I happened to overhear their conversation:

"You are the minister in the church at M—?" the older man asked as he shook hands.

"Yes—and I'm enjoying it a very great deal," I heard the younger man reply.

"Well, I understand that you've been there only a year or so," was the comment of the older man, "but I'll wager you won't be there a year longer! We're on the lookout for just such men as you here in the city!"

And so even the fortunate little country church that happens to get 'just the right man' lives in continual danger of being unable to hold him when the larger city church invites him to change his residence!

Some months ago, one of our very prominent ministers said that a large part of the future welfare of the churches of America lay in the hands of the rural church. If that is so, then we had better face these problems which confront the rural church and try as best we can to solve them!

In what direction does the solution lie?

It seems to me, first, that our schools for training ministers (no matter of what denomination) ought to raise their standards and lower the number of their students. The ministry today is a difficult profession, and the young minister leaving divinity school faces an extremely disturbing and complex world. He ought to be prepared, specifically, to serve a rural, a suburban or an urban community, according to his background and his ability. While his training ought to be broad, it ought also to be directed toward one particular type of service—and in that



HELP ME BUILD A HOUSE OF WISDOM

Dear Lord,

Build my house on a foundation of love;
Make its threshold of tolerance,
And its door key of faith;
Let the light of understanding shine from
its windows;
Let peace, gentleness and truth
Hover around its fireside;
Roof it with success.
In Thy name,
Amen.

—Lois Atoll Walsh



area he ought to be a real specialist. Perhaps that is the first move to be made.

But unless our great denominations learn the secrets of consolidation, all the specialized training of their seminary graduates will mean precious little. Only in wide and inclusive union throughout the whole country can our churches achieve real strength.

There are two churches in the little town in which I live. They both carry a comparatively heavy overhead expense: they both have to be heated; both have to be painted and repaired; both have a parsonage which has to be kept in livable condition. Neither one of them can afford to pay a minister much more than a minimum salary. Neither one of them is functioning with one hundred per cent efficiency.

Yet, if they were consolidated, what wonders they might accomplish here in our community! With their present budgets, they could cut their overhead expenses almost in half and could pay their minister a salary of about three thousand dollars—and then have some left over! They would no longer have to struggle along with young, inexperienced men just

out of school, who would use the church more or less as a "stepping-stone" to something higher within a couple of years. Nor would they be forced to call an old man who simply wanted a quiet little place in which to spend his last days. They could have for their minister a man who was experienced—one who would be content to stay with them, say, for six or eight years, or even more, and who could really do a good piece of work in the church during his pastorate.

IF a business concern were faced with a proposition like that, its answer would be prompt and emphatic: action looking toward consolidation would soon be taken. Our two churches, however, despite the fact that the differences between them and the reasons for their separation have long since vanished, remain *two churches* in competition with one another. The only things that stand in the way of their consolidation are certain legal and ecclesiastical technicalities and the sentiments of a very few staunch members of the older generation!

Numerous questions related to the problem of consolidation are sure to arise whenever the matter is seriously considered. Would the people bother to go a longer distance to church, if that were necessary? Well, most people come to church in cars today, and a mile or two more doesn't mean a half-hour's extra walk, as it might have twenty-five or thirty years ago! . . .

Can denominational differences be forgotten very easily? Practically all of the younger generation that I have ever talked to, and many of the older generation also, have already forgotten the differences between their denomination and that of their friends and neighbors! The distinction is meaningless to them! To one who is pessimistic about the state of religion in the modern world, that fact may mean that we have forgotten the faith of our fathers. To one who is ready to face the modern world hopefully, however, it means that the time is ripe for widespread reunion in the Protestant Church on the basis of the great central facts of the Christian faith! *When the little differences are forgotten, the central and enduring reality stands out in clearer relief.*

But how about the legal and ecclesiastical difficulties? Can they be surmounted? Well, the last quarter of a century has witnessed a great trend toward greater unity *within* denominations that formerly had been split apart. And in many areas successful experiments have been carried on in the field of *inter-denominational* consolidation. With mutual cooperation and goodwill the technical difficulties could probably be overcome in every case!

And so church union is being more and more discussed as part of the solution to the problem. When it is tried, there will be the usual objections, the usual difficulties. But there is only one essential question that waits for an answer, and that question is this: Do we *really* want Christ's Kingdom to come—to come with increased power right here in our own community? Or shall we let our differences and divisions slowly strangle our effectiveness in the years that lie ahead?



Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia,
where the Continental Congress met

*By Herman
Hagedorn*

HIStory is the record of character in action. It is easy to forget that.

The Marxists sound impressive when they talk of "economic determinism," and the question to *eat or not to eat* has always played a part in shaping the crises which men are forced from time to time to face and handle. But it is men, not invisible octopuses which we call economic trends, which determine how those crises are dealt with. It is character, not economic argument, which decides whether those crises are evaded or honestly met, and whether the solutions make for national decay or for national vitality.

It is important to remember these things, as we cast our eyes over the American scene to-day—the struggles between the interventionists and the isolationists, between labor and management, between minority groups, out for loot, and patriots out for their country.

Scratch the surface of American history at any point and you find character as the determining factor. In no event is this so obvious as in the act which created the nation itself, the struggle for the decision to make the American colonies an independent state.

In the foreshortening of history, we see the Declaration of Independence as so inevitable for a people building a new civilization in a new world, that we forget that, when the first Continental Congress met, two years before the church bells acclaimed the break with the mother country, independence did not seem inevitable to the majority of the American colo-

nists. It did not seem inevitable to most of their leaders even after the "embattled farmers" behind Lexington's stone walls had, a year later, set the red-clad soldiers of King George scurrying up the road to Concord. A few saw it, and fought to make the others see it. In "The Lees of Virginia," Burton J. Hendrick has told the immortal story.

The struggle was long and bitter, shattering old loyalties, disrupting old friendships. It ended in the creation of a new nation, but it ended so, not because of any irresistible forces, economic or other, pushing men on to an inevitable act, but because a few men—in the last analysis, two—rose above personal, social and sectional prejudices, and caught a vision of a nation, where others saw only a jangle of petty and self-centered provinces.

Those men were John Adams of Massachusetts and Richard Henry Lee of Virginia.

No two men in the Continental Congress seemed, on the surface, more divergent in character, background, tradition, religion, social environment, even in personal appearance. Adams, florid, rotund, a little vain, as a farmer's son who had made good might be inclined to be, was a small-town lawyer and politician, self-opinionated and stiff-necked, whom any observer, casting his eye over the notables in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, in May 1774, would regard him as foredoomed to lock horns with the slim, easy-going Virginia gentleman,

ADAMS of Massachusetts and LEE of Virginia

They rose above personal, social and sectional
prejudices and caught a vision of a nation

Lee, with his grace of movement and soft voice, entrancing in its eloquence, who, on his Potomac plantation hunted and read the classics, and mingled with the aristocracy in Williamsburg and along the Northern Neck.

By all the traditions of politics and human nature, these two men should have hated one another. Most New Englanders scorned the Virginians as aristocrats and Tories, as most Virginians hated the New Englanders as "democratic levelers," with no background or social graces. The government of King George had, indeed, done what it could to accentuate the differences between the two most powerful of the colonies, fan the prejudices and widen the breach between them. Adams went to Philadelphia, in fact, certain that he would dislike the Virginians and oppose everything they stood for. But Lee proved irresistible. Under an aristocratic surface he himself had a strong puritanical strain, and had already antagonized his reactionary associates in Virginia by exposing the corruption of their colonial treasurer. He admired the Massachusetts men for their resistance to the King, exulted in their nerve in throwing the tea into the bay, and went out of his way to make friends with Adams.

Neither, at the opening of their acquaintance, spoke of independence, though it was in the back of both their minds. The purpose of the Congress was to bring the ministry of Lord North to reason, to make it see that oppression would not do, that the colonies were growing up and demanded a say in their own affairs. A powerful group, headed by John Dickinson, a wealthy and high-minded Pennsylvania landholder, led the majority in the Congress, who believed that expressions of loyalty would persuade the King to mend his ways.

They were mostly men of property who were opposed to the arrogance of the King's ministry, but were disturbed less by royal despotism than by what seemed to them the menace of democratic leveling, the sweeping away of class distinctions and the dominance of the landholders. The struggle was therefore social and financial as well as political, and Lee's aristocratic friends did not forgive his alliance with the democrat from Boston.

Adams and Lee were already nationalists, in full accord with Patrick Henry when he declared himself no longer "a Virginian but an American." They wanted determined action against Britain and squirmed as word came back from England that one "loyal petition" after another had been con-

for the second time. Shots had been fired, the colonies were at war with the mother country. It was characteristic of the new national spirit which Adams and Lee themselves felt so keenly and were trying to awaken in others, that it should be the Massachusetts man who should propose that the Virginian, Washington, should be commander-in-chief of the colonial forces.

While the new commander marshaled his odds and ends of militia on the Cambridge common, a stiffer battle than any that he would encounter that year went on in the Congress, with the delegates of the middle and most of the Southern colonies under Dickinson, confronting the New Englanders and a few Virginians under Adams and Lee. Adams wanted to see a central government established without delay, with a constitution delimiting executive, legislative and judicial powers; he wanted a navy, he wanted American ports opened to the nations of the world and all British sympathizers arrested and held as hostages. Then, he declared, he would be ready to negotiate with the King's government. Lee was with him on every point.

But the counsel of the timid prevailed. The pacifist elements preached appeasement, and used every device of politics and parliamentary procedure to prevent decisive action against the mother country. The wealthy ladies of Philadelphia and Germantown, conservative and loyalist, had their part in the struggle, talking persuasively over teacups and mixing politicks delicately with elaborate minuets. The moneyed interests of New York and New Jersey brought their heaviest artillery to bear on the "radicals."

Adams and Lee roared with indignation and derision when Dickinson demanded that one more "humble petition" be sent to the King. But the "apeaser" had the votes. John Jay, of New York, tried by flattery and the promise of future honors, to drive a wedge between Adams and Lee and to bring Adams over to the loyalist side, and was put in his place by Adams in cool and biting words. Adams was ambitious; he longed for distinction; but he would not have it at the cost of disloyalty to his convictions or to his friend.

The delegates from the middle colonies, led by Dickinson, were on the crest of the wave, and hastened to consolidate their position. They persuaded their assemblies and the assemblies of the colonies south of Virginia to pass resolutions instructing their delegates to the Congress to vote for no motion which tended toward independence. The local statesmen agreed and the whole country, with the exception of Virginia and New England, was on record against separation from the mother country. The outlook for all that Adams and Lee had fought for seemed hopeless.

But the rank and file, even in the middle colonies, were telling themselves that they intended to have a country of their own and be free, whatever their leaders might want. Tom Paine's "Common Sense" had bitten into men's hearts, and Benjamin Franklin had seen to it that it had wide circulation. In Pennsylvania, the old philosopher and politician took the leadership of a faction in opposition (*Continued on page 50*)



Above, Richard Henry Lee and his ancestral home in Virginia

temptuously disregarded. Lee had a kind of sardonic humor and when, by an oversight of the conservatives, he was made chairman of a committee to draft one more "humble petition" to the King, he drew up a document which, starting respectfully, ended by calling on the sovereign to dismiss Lord North. The majority hastily selected Dickinson to "revise" the petition and give it the touch which their loyal devotion thought necessary.

The man from Massachusetts and his Virginia friend countered by pushing through a bill to boycott British goods. Since the British, moreover, were taxing the colonists ostensibly for the support of an army to "protect" the colonies from the Indians, Lee, supported by Adams, proposed instead to raise and train an army of colonists to protect themselves. The conservative opposition saw the makings of a colonial force which might ultimately be fighting not the savages but the soldiers of the Crown, and frantically amended the measure to death.

By the time that the first Continental Congress adjourned, Lee and Adams were the acknowledged leaders of the independence party.

Events moved fast when, in May 1775, the Congress met

Below, the birthplace of John Adams, Braintree, Massachusetts



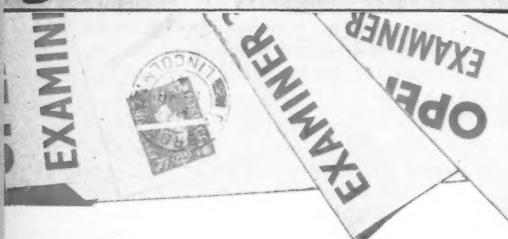


BY CENSOR

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My Sister Writes from ENGLAND



Taken from letters of a teacher in war-torn England to

Beatrice Plumb

CROSSMOUNT, ENGLAND, June 1st, 1940. This being Saturday and no teaching to do, I've been busy all day at school, trying to make a bomb-shelter for my kiddies. They are so small and helpless—some of them mere babies. I never seem able to get away from those rows of young eyes, raised trustingly to "Teacher," so sure she can take care of them!

I tell them an air raid is simply like a bad thunderstorm. Only one person or building in thousands is ever struck by lightning. And just think of the hundreds of storms we have come through. It is *shock* we have to guard against, I tell them, and *fear*. If we stay cool and calm, then our hearts will not conk out and make us collapse.

I go through this little rigmarole every morning after the opening prayer, and again in the afternoon, before the closing hymn. The children listen, quiet as mice.

I wondered how much had sunk in, so Friday I asked, "Now, children, in case of an air raid, what are we to do?" "Be brave and keep our heads," replied the little air captain. "What else?" I asked. "Trust in God!" they all chorused.

Dad said at breakfast this morning, "There is nothing one can count on now; no certainty of anything."

We all have this unhappy, lost feeling, aggravated by such strange things as having all the sign-posts along our roads removed, and the names of villages and towns painted out from above shops.

I said, "Nonsense, Dad! Tomorrow we'll go to the same old church, sing the same old hymns, hear the same old Gospel."

Dad said, "You're right, Evelyn. God has not been blacked out with the lights."

You must stop worrying about Dad. He is simply wonderful. He is "digging for victory" with the best of them, for all his eighty-two years. He used to say, "My heart is broken," during those terrible days when we first realized that "peace in our time" was just a dream. But now he never says this. He just digs.

Crossmount, England, June 4th, 1940. I am writing this in the dinner hour at school. It is no good to camouflage things. Everything is desperately serious. Friday, ten train loads of our gallant B.E.F. men came back from the blood-soaked sands of Dunkirk. Most were wet through with wading in the water or lying under it to escape death from the air. They had been without food for days. They said the Red Cross nurses still stayed on the beaches to care for the wounded, although they were being terribly bombed and machine-gunned.



The retreat from Dunkirk was a defeat, but it was a glorious miracle, too. And oh, the heroism it called forth! The pluck of our fishermen braving the Channel in their frail cockle-shell boats, to bring back, perhaps, just a couple of soldiers—all the tiny boat would hold—and then going again and again to get more men, undaunted by shells and guns.

Of course it never could have been done except that in answer to our day of prayer, the Channel was perfectly smooth. In any sort of choppy sea, it would have been impossible.

One tired old fisherman refused to stop, after a score of trips. "Let me fetch one more lad," he pleaded. "It might be my own." But—alas!—his son was in the division left to fight, to cover the retreat. . . .

Our village is full of soldiers—English, French and Belgian—who were the last to leave the Dunkirk beaches. Yesterday as I passed Mert churchyard, many of them were lying under the big lime trees, some with their blistered, sea-scorched faces buried in the cool grass, others with their battle kits under their heads for pillows, some scribbling a line home to their anxious families.

They are a silent lot, unwilling to talk of the hell they went through, but one soldier, an old pupil of mine, seemed glad to pour it all out. He told of the two great walls of blazing fire and how he and his pals had marched between them, as if "down a blinking lane," only to be told when they finally reached the death-ridden beaches, "Sorry, boys, but no more boats. You'll have to wait another twenty-four hours." He said they buried themselves in the scorching sand—and thought of the green fields of England.

War is now almost on our own doorstep. Do you remember when the great Luther was in the depths, his wife would rally him with the cry, "Is God dead?" I find comfort in the thought that even the Nazis can't kill God!

Crossmount, England, June 11th, 1940. At last a letter from you! And to think of all the awful things that have happened to us since you wrote it! First, Leopold's surrender. Then when France was battling for her very life, for Mussolini to come in against her! That was the last awful straw. The Fascists announced that it was done amid "the cheers of all Italy." I don't believe it. *I know the Pope wept!*

All this week we have been preparing for "Jerry." We have boarded up our school windows. Mine are arched like those in a church, and very difficult to board, so just wire is to be put over.

Friday I worked out an air drill, and rehearsed it. First whistle, "Air Raid! Get Ready!" with special duties for three

monitors to "stand by" and unlock all doors that are usually kept locked. Second whistle, "Go!" We then march to our improvised shelter in the lobby. Third, handbell, "Raiders past, and back to rooms."

Then I gave them drill in putting on their gas masks quickly, and walking in them. They giggle and think it is a new game. Poor babies! The three-year-olds have gas masks like animal heads. We call them "pussy faces."

The old parish church where you were confirmed was hit by a bomb. The tower is crumbled all over Mother's grave. Remember how hard we worked raising money to restore that old tower which had been standing for eight centuries?

We have just got through finding two hundred homes for refugees—meaning board and bed. Now they ask us to provide for another hundred—with Crossmount already jammed with billeted soldiers, and the hotel full of Dunkirk wounded.

I am just getting my new class of evacuees settled. The boy from Jersey and the Bristol children still go all to pieces when they hear an aeroplane over the school. If a door slams, they jump clear out of their seats. The bombing plays havoc with the youngsters' nerves. But even a week has quieted them, and the beautiful countryside will do the city evacuees a world of good. The London kiddies love the wild flowers. But it is sad to see how stealthily they pick them, as if afraid a "bobby" will stalk up and nab them for swiping!

Crossmount, England, June 15th, 1940. I just can't tell you all the stress, anxiety and tension we are going through. It all seems like a hideous dream—as if at any minute we might wake up and say, "Thank God, it isn't true!"

Our Air Raid Warden dropped dead last night after rushing out to take charge when the siren went. He was everybody's friend, superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School, head of Christian Endeavor, and a moving spirit in the Methodist work. Nobody dreamed his heart was weak, the way he worked. He and I slaved, shoulder to shoulder, for days on end, when we assembled all those gas masks for our territory. He said to me while I was fitting a mask to a Mert baby, "I hope to God I never live to see our children in those." Well, he didn't.

We just can't realize that it is our own England that is in such dire peril. As I write, it is at its loveliest—the gardens and fields so peaceful, and roses, honeysuckle, pinks and sweet peas everywhere. Hay-making is in full swing, the corn-fields are gay with poppies and cornflowers.

Yet all this loveliness and peace is to be destroyed! The Nazis announce they are sending bombers to set fire to all the cornfields in Britain and all the hayricks in the farm yards. Our farmers are cutting little pathways all through their fields to prevent fire spreading, and putting their haystacks in the middle of fields, and not in corners, to make it more difficult for landing of parachutists.

The wireless reports that Hitler has declared that England will be in his hands by August 15th, and his flag will be flying in London on that day. He said Paris would be in his hands by June 15th—and his prophecy came true.

America will send more planes, but they can't be delivered until after Christmas. It's *now, this minute*, we want help! We lost *all* of everything in the retreat from Dunkirk. Our hospitals are full of wounded. It never was darker for England. All we can do is fight on in the dark with whatever we have left to fight with. If we get wiped out, as we may, our colonies will carry on. But we'll do as we did at Calais—fight to the last man. Only thirty returned out of thousands, and only three of the thirty, unhurt. . . .

Crossmount, England, June 22nd, 1940. These London evacuees in my classes are a lively handful. They ran wild for eight months, as their parents would not let them be evacuated to the country. My own youngsters, who have had continued tuition, are terribly shocked at the newcomers' behavior, not understanding how much of the naughtiness is nerves. Three of the slum children use street slang which is new to my country bairns. No matter how harmless it is, a dozen hands go up to report, "Please, Teacher, he said a swear!"

(Continued on page 48)



By
RAY
GILES

DR. BONNELL

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

Many of our readers have probably listened to Dr. Bonnell's broadcasts from London, where he now is visiting; as an "Ambassador of Good Will" for the Federal Council of Churches. As you who read this article will agree, no better selection could have been made.

IN A small consultation room a few steps from New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, an encouraging venture in Christian helpfulness has written a stirring record during the past six years. The door of the study bears no identifying marks. If it did, the thousands of visitors who rapped on it so hopefully might have read, "John Sutherland Bonnell, Pastoral Psychiatrist."

That title was given Dr. Bonnell by a prominent physician. It sounds formidable. In simple truth, however, it describes the old pastoral relation in modern guise. Dr. Bonnell was one of the first Protestant ministers to restore the pastor to his rightful place as a friend and counsel of the man in trouble. His work, although outstanding in many ways, is significant chiefly because it represents a new spirit among ministers trained in psychology, who are turning with increasing skill to the handling of our vital personal problems.

Since 1923, Dr. Bonnell has been developing his personal counseling along modern lines. Nearly 6000 men and women have brought him their problems. All in the day's work are the lawyer who excitedly announces that things at home are at the breaking point, the school teacher overwhelmed with loneliness; the broker obsessed with an unaccountable fear of accidental death; the brilliant woman artist whose husband, jealous of her success, is becoming a drunkard; the fifty-five-year-old married woman longing to see the illegitimate son she had before she met her husband, who doesn't know the son exists; and the woman sent in by a surgeon who believes her morale must be fortified by religion if she is to come out of a critical operation successfully.

In addition to Protestants of every denomination, Dr. Bonnell has been consulted by Jews, Catholics, and persons of all shades of belief and disbelief. He has introduced atheists to the Bible, taught doubters how to pray and get results, led the lukewarm to a positive and growing religious experience. He has seen hundreds of divorces, suicides, and nervous breakdowns nipped in the bud. Anxieties and fears have been dissolved, and many functional disorders have been cured in patients sent him by physicians.

What is the drawing power in his work? It lies in the fact that he extends to the individual the same invitation and promise which built the early church. It is the invitation to call upon the Infinite in time of trouble, to ask for what we need in every emergency, and to practice living day by day as though in the presence of God, confident that every need will be met by His wisdom and kindness. "It is not enough," he explains, "to point across 2000 years to the inspiring words and works of Jesus and His apostles. Men and women of today must have *present-day* Christian experiences of their own if the more abundant life promised by the Master is not to seem like mockery." This is the experience which he tries to lead them to, and the fruits are proof that the quality of helpfulness in a minister's counsel can be a great and moving force in solving many personal difficulties after other means have failed.

Above all, he is a patient and sympathetic listener. He

Listening Post



Troubled people from *alk*

believes that if the ministers of the 200,000 Protestant churches in the United States would merely establish good "listening posts" where people could go to talk confidentially and fully about their troubles, an incalculable amount of good would be accomplished. An unburdening is often what is chiefly needed to relieve serious tensions, enabling the talker to discover for himself the best road out of his difficulties. Theoretically we should be able to go to our friends or families, but often the lay listener does more harm than good. The genial old friend condones the sin and the sense of guilt remains. The father or wife may only criticize and condemn, making the trouble-bringer resentful or discouraged. "But even the minister is not always a good listener," declares Dr. Bonnell. "Too often he interrupts a recital of trouble to advise, preach, or pray over the distressed visitor before he has half a chance to unburden himself."

Dr. Bonnell knows that the effective personal counselor, whether minister or psychiatrist, must be able to look beneath the surface of a conversation. People do not always make themselves clear. They have enormous capacity for self-deception. They are often painfully slow in coming to the point. So the counselor must develop a sixth sense which makes him alert to invisible distress signals.

As an example of how we frequently deceive ourselves, there's the common failing of projecting one's shortcomings into others. When people complain about disagreeable traits in

their wives, fathers, children, and friends, Dr. Bonnell often helps them immediately to make an important bit of self-discovery. There was the husband who complained about the undisciplined behavior of his wife. Challenged, he realized that his own lack of self-control was even greater. Another typical projectionist was the young woman, bitter toward her fault-finding parents. When asked what her best friends would consider her own greatest weakness, she confessed with startled self-enlightenment, "That I'm critical and say nasty things!" Projection has been hailed as an important discovery in modern psychology, but St. Paul described it perfectly when he wrote, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing."

prayers are never answered, Dr. Bonnell asks, "Just what words did you use?" Sometimes the reply makes him exclaim, "No wonder your prayers aren't answered!" He finds that many pray like children writing to Santa Claus, asking only for material blessings and failing to realize that their deepest needs are always spiritual. There was the business man, who, in the pit of the depression, lost all his customers and was praying desperately for new ones. He was taught, instead, to pray for courage to stand up to his problem and for the wisdom to overcome it. Step by step the new prayer was answered. The young woman who prays merely for "lots of friends" is advised instead to pray and strive for the qualities which attract friends, and the changed prayer is answered. One good test of



alks of life find solace and help in Dr. Bonnell's study

It is a safe assumption that anyone calling on a minister in his study brings a problem. But he often hesitates to speak out because he doubts the minister's ability to help. So the interview may ramble and turn into a mere social call with nothing accomplished. For this reason the counselor needs spiritual perception and great skill in managing the interview so the caller's unspoken need will be unveiled. To improve their technique, ministers are studying the methods of psychiatrists,* but Dr. Bonnell warns that the clergyman must beware of becoming merely a fourth-rate psychiatrist. He must remember that his supreme textbook is the one which records Jesus' remarkable interviews with all kinds of men and women and which shows how He always turned thought from the trivial to the deeper things of life.

The pastor who is abreast of the times seeks to understand others rather than to judge them. He remembers that when men and women who had been condemned by their fellows came into Jesus' presence He did not dwell long upon their failures. Instead, He showed them what, by the grace of God, they could yet become. A new appreciation of this fact is giving modern pastoral counseling its vitality.

Within every one of us, Dr. Bonnell believes, there is always some spark of religious aspiration, even if we haven't been in church or prayed for years. This the pastoral counselor tries to fan into a flame. Mostly he deals with religious amateurs—people who have neglected to use their religion. Many do not know how to pray or read the Bible properly. If a caller says that his

* (See "Pastoral Psychiatry," pub. by Harper & Brothers.)

a prayer, in Dr. Bonnell's opinion, is to ask yourself whether you would be as willing to utter it in public as in private.

At every point he teaches visitors to use the tools of religion. On Bible reading he advises: "Preface your reading by a deep prayer that God's spirit will bring the truth of His word to bear upon your heart. Do not limit yourself to a certain number of verses or pages. If necessary, continue reading until you come to the verse which you feel is God's 'marching orders' for the day. It may sometimes be wise to linger for many days on that same verse. Exclude from thought any temptation to apply this verse to other persons. Conclude your reading with thanks for the spiritual strength you have gained, or with a prayer of confession and the resolution to make a fresh beginning in the right direction."

Spiritual prescriptions are prominent in his therapy. One frequently given is, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Dr. Bonnell considers this a splendid promise to contemplate several times a day and an almost certain preventive of nervous tension. But whatever the special need may be, some well-selected Scriptural passage can be good medicine.

The larger his experience grows, the less he is inclined to limit the future of religion in healing the sick. "Take out every record of healing in the New Testament," Dr. Bonnell says, "and you would leave it in tatters." He quotes Dr. Stanley Cobb, professor of neuropathology at the Harvard Medical School: "The line between the organic and the functional, and between the physical and the mental, is an artifact. The body acts as a whole organism, and everything that happens to that organism is organic."

(Continued on page 42)



This is part Five of this true narrative. In the previous instalments Mr. Stacey has told how, after the overthrow of the Tsar, the Bolsheviks seized his large and prosperous hotel in Southern Russia, took everything he had away from

quest, but before we came to a final agreement, one afternoon during rehearsals a messenger from the Soviet appeared in the theater and handed me a letter from the President of the Soviet, Andreev. It contained a request to see him as soon as I should be free from my duties in the theater. When the messenger left the stage none of us thought of the rehearsal any longer; for we read and reread Andreev's letter, and everyone suggested his theory concerning the cause of the letter. We had already learned to believe that any invitation to the Soviet meant trouble; and now we only tried to guess its character. I thought that the best way was to go to the Soviet and find out the truth. All agreed with me. "We can rehearse without you; go and telephone the result; or better, drop in. We will wait for you."

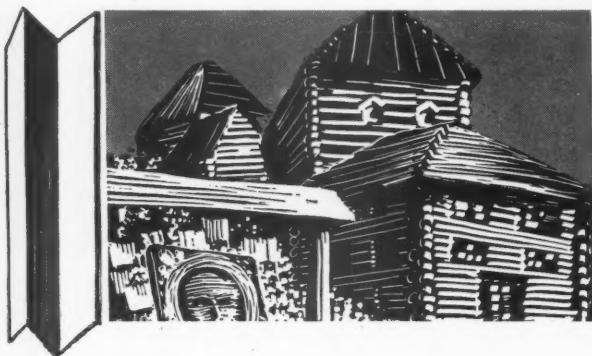
In a few minutes I was in the office of Andreev who received me in a friendly manner, offered a cigarette, and said,

to me. "We have to readjust ourselves to the new condition," he continued in a low voice. "They need our education, and that may save our lives. You know I am not a Communist, but 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.'"

Although Schreiber's words were not convincing, I knew how the government dealt with sabotage, and I accepted the appointment which required only my technical knowledge as a former lawyer.

Of course, it was out of the question to continue my theatrical career, because my new duties would require almost all my time. When I broke the news to Romanov, he was greatly disappointed; but finally we agreed on a compromise—I should appear on the stage only twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays.

The next morning I went to the court building to see Sadovsky. He was a former lawyer, over fifty years of age, who had retired just before the Revolution. His hobby was growing flowers, and he



him, leaving him only his accordion, with which he performed to make his living. They even tried to have him arrested for poisoning a fine horse, but the veterinarian's autopsy showed that there was no poison in the horse's stomach. He was offered a job speaking and playing in the local theater, and thus was assured of a living at least for a time. Now continue:

*By Alexander
Stacey*

IT WAS certainly fortunate for me to find a job the very next day after my hotel business had been confiscated by the Soviet Government. The owner of the theater, Romanov, happened to be right. My name on the theatrical posters excited the curiosity of the public; and the theater was filled to capacity each night, so that at the end of the third week Romanov was ready to prolong my engagement for one month more; I saw no reason to refuse and demanded a raise of salary only because of rapidly increasing cost of living. Romanov was inclined to grant my re-

"Take a seat and wait. I'll be back in a minute." All my nervousness had gone, for it was quite evident that nothing serious threatened me; and I resolved patiently to wait. Soon Andreev returned with Julius Schreiber, a young lawyer, whom I had met several times before. He was a member of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, which was still strong in provincial cities, though it had lost its influence in Moscow and Petrograd. Andreev led him to me. "This is our District Commissar of Justice, who will explain everything to you; but I have some other business." He left the room.

"The reason I wanted to see you," began Schreiber, "is in connection with the reorganization of our courts. I need intelligent workers, and I have appointed you secretary of the People's Court of the Second District. You have to work with Sadovsky, who has been appointed judge."

"But I am a former bourgeois and capitalist. Do you think that the government will trust a bourgeois?"

"A bourgeois or not a bourgeois, we are in great need of technical advisers. All the lawyers have already been called to the work in new courts, and you'd better accept the appointment. Otherwise you may be charged with sabotage."

He arose from his seat and came close

used to spend most of his time in the flower garden of his modest house, which he had bought after his retirement. He was very bitter about his appointment to the bench. "They treat us like soldiers and demand absolute obedience to their command. I don't want to be a judge, I do not consider myself capable of being a judge, but what do they care?"

He gave me the decree concerning the reorganization of the court and various instructions from Moscow, and told me that, according to the order of the Soviet, the first session would take place on Monday, an order which meant that we had only three days to be ready to replace the former Justice of Peace with a People's Court consisting of Sadovsky and two other members, workers or soldiers, elected by the Soviet for one session only.

On Sunday morning all the new judges and their secretaries were invited to the new city Commissar of Justice, Petrogradsky, a young university student, who turned out to be quite a decent man. He received us in a friendly way, ordered tea, and urged us to feel at home. He had just come from Moscow and simply wanted to know the men with whom he had to work. Petrogradsky, however, frankly confessed his unpreparedness for the job. He said, "You see, I entered the

University of Moscow—the Faculty of Law—last September and stayed there about two months until the Revolution broke out; but I rely upon your experience and think that with your help I can adjust myself to my new position very soon. I was told in Moscow that we are to use the old law in the parts which do not contradict revolutionary principles. The old law, however, is not to bind us at all, because the decisions of the court must be based on revolutionary conscience. The members of the court will be sent to you by the Soviet every day. As you know, they will be chosen among plain workers who, of course, never studied any law and are expected to use only their common sense. However, the appointed judge has to lead them in all questions of court procedure. In case of any difficulty be free to call me up, and together we shall solve the problem."

Such an unexpected reception pleased everyone of us, and we could not help

new decree everyone in the audience was allowed to defend any case he liked. Later on this became a nuisance which greatly handicapped court procedure. On the other hand, the worker-judges often asked defendants and witnesses unnecessary questions or argued with the contesting parties, with consequent tremendous waste of time; but all that was quite natural because the judges were entirely incompetent. Since they were appointed for only one day, they had no chance for acquiring experience. In all fairness, however, it should be said that when the court departed for conference, they showed, exceptions apart, good common sense, and under the guidance of Sadovsky rather fairly performed their duty. "Revolutionary conscience," when not influenced by class considerations, also often served justice, especially when all formal rights were against the defendant.

I remember a case when a man sued his debtor for ten rubles. He supported his claim by a note, and the defendant did not deny his signature on it. According to the old law the court would have had no other choice but to satisfy the plaintiff. The defendant recognized the debt and only asked for some time to pay it. Said he: "I paid him interest accurately every month, but now he wants all ten rubles. If he had told me in advance, I could have saved it. I have no money at present, Comrade Judges. Give me some time."

"How much interest did you pay?" Sadovsky asked.

"One ruble a month, for two years. I have not missed a single day. Ask him; he cannot deny it."

The plaintiff, sure of his rights, agreed. "This is true," he said, "but I heard that he wanted to move out of the city, and I want to receive my money."

"But you have already received twenty-four rubles."

"Yes, and what of it? The note was due last year, and I do not want to wait any longer."

The man was known as a professional usurer, and the conference was very short. The decision was: . . . "to reject the claim of the plaintiff and recover from him for the defendant fourteen rubles with the deduction of legal interest of six per cent a year."

The plaintiff was dumbfounded and could not believe his own ears. "What is it?" he asked. "Since when has the creditor to pay his debtor? I will not pay."

"Yes, you will," Sadovsky assured. "Be thankful to the Comrade Judges that they do not raise the question of usury; you deserve a jail sentence."

"It means, we now have new laws?"

"Yes—Revolutionary conscience. Pay the money. We have no time to argue with you. Six per cent for two years is one ruble and twenty kopeks; you have to pay twelve rubles and eighty kopeks." The man took out a big leather purse and having carefully counted the money put

it on the table, and then without looking at anyone, went to the door accompanied with the laughter of the audience.

Revolutionary conscience, however, was a two-edged weapon; and sometimes we could not prevent evidently unjust sentences, because according to instruction, the decision was to depend mainly upon the opinion of the worker-judges, who interpreted "revolutionary conscience" under the influence of their temperament and class sympathies. Only extremely absurd decisions was Sadovsky allowed to stop, immediately reporting them to Commissar Petrogradsky.

A carpenter after heavy drinking had beaten his wife, who brought accusation against him. According to the old law (Article 142) the maximum penalty was a confinement of three months (not corresponding to the American jail). In spite of Sadovsky's protests two judges, both women, sentenced the man to ten years in jail. His wife burst out crying, and the public in the court room, divided in opinion, made such a noise that Sadovsky was forced to announce a recess. The court of appeals under the pressure of the Commissar changed the sentence to a two-week imprisonment.

Formalities of the past were entirely disregarded; for instance, we had no special room for the conference of judges, a situation which constituted a serious violation of court procedure; and our judges discussed the cases not only in Vassiliev's and my presence, but very often asked for my opinion.

I used to put down all interesting trials in my notebook. Most of the cases were small events of everyday life, but sometimes shaking dramas or hilarious comedies were my catch. Here in America we read that "community of wives" was a malicious invention of either foreign correspondents with vivid imagination or of enemies of the Soviet regime. I cannot put my finger on any settlement in Russia that practiced community of wives, and to my best belief there was none; but



thinking that if all the Bolsheviks were like him, it would be easy to work with them. Much encouraged, we left his office in the Soviet building to open the new courts the next morning.

The first day, however, we were unlucky in having the Soviet send a judge who was entirely drunk. He came to the court early, and when Sadovsky and I arrived, he was lying on the sofa in the office sleeping like a stone. All attempts at awakening him were in vain until Vassiliev brought from the nearby drug store sal ammoniac and put the bottle to his nose. Slowly he came to his senses, but it was out of the question to use him as a judge. It took about two hours to communicate with the Soviet and find another judge, and meanwhile to remove the drunken man to his home.

We were ready to open the session at noon, but the judges insisted on first having their lunch, the money for which was provided by the Soviet. The public waiting in the court room was complaining, but nothing could be done, and the first case was tried at one o'clock. The cases were not serious, except for one concerning a theft. Most of them were either small civil litigations or charges of breach of peace and drunkenness in public places or personal offenses. No lawyer was present, but according to the



credence in its existence seems to be justified by the conduct and attitudes of hot-headed "revolutionaries" produced by those early days of the Revolution. At least in our city people talked of it quite seriously. I heard the Communists say that there would be nothing abnormal in such an institution. Some even affirmed that community of wives had already been practiced in the Volga-Region, and more than once young men of marriageable age inquired in our office concerning the date when the new law would be in effect in our city. I recall that my former employee explained the reason of his inquiry to us. He was about to marry a young girl, and now he was in doubt whether it would be practical to start a new life if all wives were to be common property. Personally he did not like the idea but believed in the possibility of its realization. The old marriage had been proclaimed a *bourgeois* prejudice, and hundreds of couples in our city were not only divorced, but during the brief existence of the Soviet Republic had had time to change several wives. Marriages which existed only a few days were quite common, and community of wives did not appear as something impossible when the old forms of life were being destroyed for no other reason except that they were old. Even several years later the enthusiasts of "physical culture," young men and women, paraded entirely naked in the streets of Moscow during the summer months, and for a while that seemed to be quite normal.

The easiness of divorce furnished our court with cases like this. A couple married before the Revolution lived in their own house in a suburb of our city. One afternoon the husband appeared in the house with a new wife and demanded that his pre-Revolutionary wife move away. She refused to do so and applied to our court, insisting that the house had been bought with her money, though the title was in the man's name. The testimony of numerous witnesses on both sides took several sessions. Meanwhile the husband had again secured a divorce and married a third wife, and now insisted on evicting both women. At the concluding session the second wife said to the court, "I will not leave the house unless he pays me what I have spent on him. You see, Comrade Judge, this overcoat and the hat on him. I have paid my own money for them." The man's reaction was as quick as it was unpredictable. He took off the overcoat and threw it with the hat at the woman's feet, "Take them and scram!"

"What about the twenty-five rubles you took from me before the marriage?" The case became more and more complicated. The final victory, however, was on the side of the first wife. The judges recognized her right to keep the house,

and all the others were ordered to clear out within three days, but that was not the end of the story. The third wife, who was present at the procedure, made up her mind and announced, "I'll go to the *Zags* (bureau of the registration of marriages and divorces) at once and get a divorce. I am not going to live with a *goloshtannik* (a man who does not possess even his pants). Without looking at her legal husband she left the room while the whole audience laughed to the point of tears.

Now the first wife, a good-natured woman, turned to the plaintiff and philosophically remarked, "You see what a fool you are. What do you have after all? Neither one of the three wives, nor the house." And a moment later she added, "However, I do not remember evil, and I will take you back if you promise before the judges not to look

tute for the former police) sent to us for prosecuting the offenders whose crimes or misdemeanors caused the acts. One morning going through those acts, I ran across the names of three of my friends. One was Nikolaev, my former partner in the hotel business; another, Volkov, a talented journalist; the third, Panfelevich, an electrical engineer. I began eagerly to read the *protocol*. The three friends had been arrested for the breach of the peace. That was by no means a serious offense, but the main trouble was that on the way to the militia headquarters they had shouted, "Down with Lenin and the Bolsheviks!" They had made many other remarks of counter-revolutionary character or at any rate two witnesses so testified before the officer of the militia. Since all three were residents of the city, after a few hours they were released to be summoned by the court for trial.

I put the *protocol* into my desk, lest some one, especially the worker-judges could see it. Sitting in the court and performing my duties I tried at the same time to invent some way to save my friends. The idea of destroying the *protocol* was tempting. In the general disorder which reigned in our militia it might be not registered, as often was the case; but if there was some trace of the *protocol* in their office, its loss would be discovered sooner or later, and my friendly relations with the persons involved would inevitably lead to suspicion of my participation. Finally I decided to talk over the matter with Sadovsky during the lunch recess, but unfortunately the worker-judges went to the same restaurant, and Sadovsky politely invited them to the same table. I had to wait till the end of the session. Then I took the *protocol* out of my desk and read it to Sadovsky and my assistant, Vassiliev, whom, I knew,

I could trust.

"Now what can we do for them?" I asked, after finishing the reading. "You know them well, and something should be done." Vassiliev immediately agreed with me, but Sadovsky hesitated. The good old man was struggling with himself. Finally he turned to me.

"I don't understand these men, three intelligent idiots. Why do they drink if they do not know how to drink? Why did they not stay at home? Don't they realize that above all they are *bourgeois*, and must be careful? Oh, idiots, incomparable idiots!" He raised his voice, as if he addressed us, but fortunately nobody could hear him except us. Vassiliev looked at me with satisfaction and winked at me to keep quiet. He knew the old man better than I. After a few minutes of denouncing my absent friends Sadovsky felt discharged, sat down, and asked me, "Now what are you going to do?"

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Sermon

TESTING THE LORD

By Franklin J. Hinkamp

"SO HE CALLED THE NAME OF THE PLACE MASSAH (TESTING), AS WELL AS MERIBAH (FINDING FAULT), BECAUSE OF THE FAULT-FINDING OF THE ISRAELITES AND THEIR TESTING OF THE LORD BY SAYING, "IS THE LORD IN THE MIDST, OR NOT?" EXODUS 17:7, MOFFATT TRANSLATION.

LANGUAGE study is made fascinating when someone can lead us into the mystery and history of the words we use. We are intrigued when we learn that a square with a cross in the middle is the Chinese character for a field because it represents to them a rice field with its irrigation ditches. Our American country-side is filled with Indian names for cities, streams, and lakes. These Indian names, difficult to pronounce, are nevertheless rich in their expression of subtle ideas which still cling to the locations they designate.

In Bible times significant events were likewise fixed in the mind by naming the place with a word that caught up the meaning of the event that occurred there. The text suggests such an occasion. The children of Israel had crossed the desert of southern Palestine and were in terrible need of water; they seemed to feel that death was imminent. They began to murmur against God, to ask, "Would it not have been better for us to be slaves in Egypt than to die of thirst and become bleached bones in the desert? Is God for us or is he against us? Are we merely fooling ourselves in thinking it worth while to serve God?" Then the miracle happened; Moses lifted his rod struck the rock and a fountain gushed forth and their murmuring and questioning seemed childish. The murmuring and the testing of their trust in God's power had made such a vivid impression upon them all that they gave the place a Hebrew name. They called it

"Massah" (testing) and Meribah (fault-finding). It was the hope of those who had passed through the experience that in thus naming the place they might forever after be shamed into being more faithful and trusting of their God.

No doubt many of us have in the past had places in our lives that we might have called Massah or Meribah, where adversity and discouragement made us question the wisdom of being a Christian, where we wondered whether God actually did care about us. No doubt in war-torn areas, and in America as well, many are putting God to the test in their own lives as they ask, "Is God in our midst or not?" Is there not something that can be said to our hearts as we examine the rich experience of God's past dealings with men that will assure us that God is not dead, or asleep, but still rules over the affairs of men?

We have unmistakable evidence that God is in His world in our day as much as ever, because He is here in exactly the form that He has told us we might expect Him to assume. "God is love!" Love is the manifestation of the fact that God is still in His world. You say to me, "Well what about all the hate, jealousy, and bloodshed in the world at war?" And all I can answer is that Sherman was probably more Scriptural than he realized when he said that war was Hell. But that does not mean that because there is darkness there is no light. May it not be that too many of us have been hiding ourselves in the cellars of

God is in His world. It is not God, but you and I who are being tested by these times

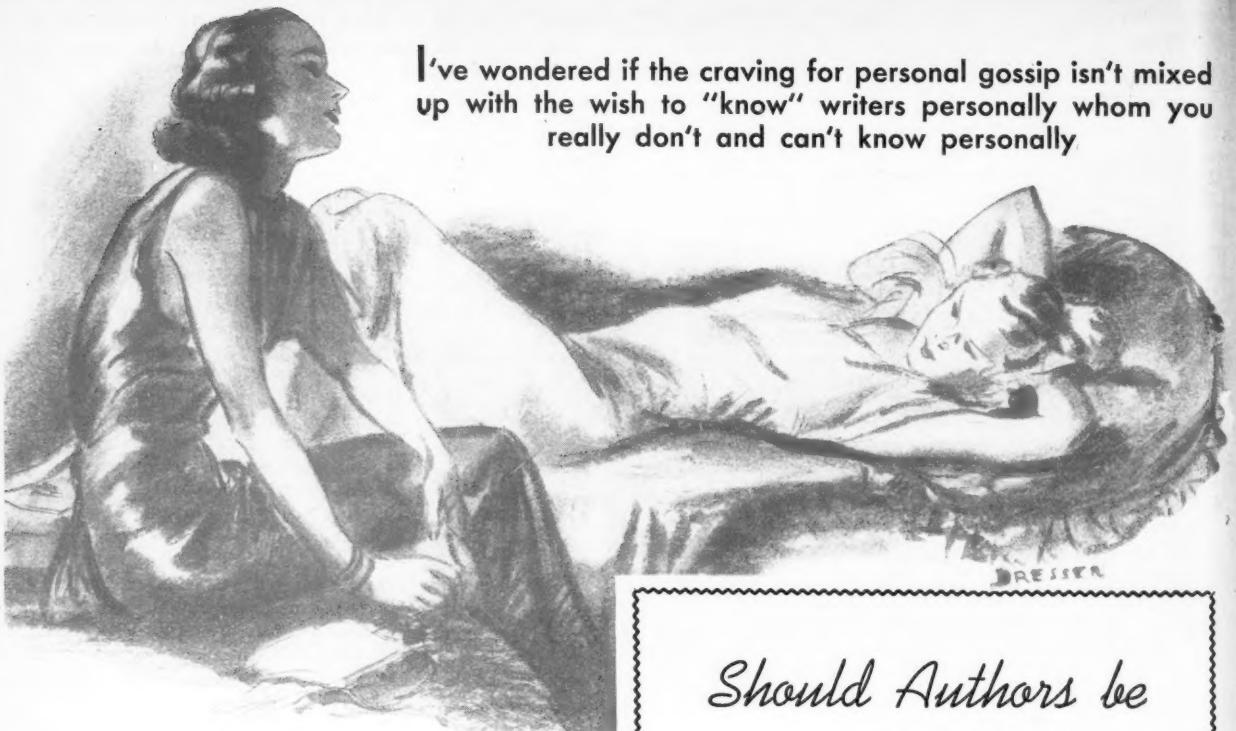


despair and in the closets of selfish fears, and so began to think that all the world was filled with darkness? What we need is to pull up the blinds and look up at the blue of the sky and see that God is still in His heaven even though all is not right with the world.

Dickens, in his immortal "Christmas Carol," has given us the prototype of all misers and cantankerous people the world around. What a tyrant this Scrooge was to all men! He lived only for himself, he bore no shred of love for any man living or dead. He became the incarnation of all that was mean and low in human life. But then a miracle happens, Scrooge has a dream and a vision, something new enters his heart, he is made over, when love for his fellowmen enters his heart. He leaves his house and the world looks as though it had been especially washed and polished for old Scrooge. The people he meets seem different, they not merely call out his love but return it. His employees take on a different character, they are now his vital concern. And what happened to Scrooge happens to the world around him, it suddenly discovers a new man who is now a child of God, to be loved, trusted and pitied in his own right. The miracle of love is the miracle of God.

The other evening in a near-by city about nine-thirty, I noticed a small group of Negro boys, some leaning against an automobile and others sitting on the fender. A glance would tell anyone that the boys were full of life and eager for adventure. Just as I came abreast the group a police prowler car cruising by stopped behind the boys and an officer jumped from the car and with all the gruff authority, often mistakenly used by misguided policemen, ordered those boys to get out of there quick. He did not care, apparently, where they went; to some hang-out far worse than a street-lighted side-walk, but move they must. The policeman was faced with a problem, which he solved in what seemed to him the right way; he had done his duty to society. But he may have instilled in those boys by those few words something besides love for the police force; I am afraid that some of those Negro boys may even have had planted in their hearts seeds of hatred. In the city of Detroit a similar problem was met in the toughest section of the city, with the greatest delinquency rate. The police tried something different from merely telling the boys to move on. They rented an old warehouse and asked the boys to come in, with the policemen taking turns in teaching and training and leading the boys toward the practices of good citizenship. Can there be any question which

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I've wondered if the craving for personal gossip isn't mixed up with the wish to "know" writers personally whom you really don't and can't know personally.

By
Dorothy Canfield Fisher

 FOR some forty-odd years I've lived and moved and had my professional being in the world of letters. In the course of this experience, a suspicion has made its way into my mind that it might be better for everybody—everybody!—if writers were read and not seen. Observation has shown me no advantage and about a million disadvantages in our present system of putting authors to be looked at in person up on the same platform with actors, actresses, politicians, acrobats and singers. I've never been able to see that a change to another way of managing wouldn't be practical and convenient, and vastly more wholesome. But I must admit that whenever I broach my idea in conversation, people get mad at me. It seems to rub them the wrong way. I can't see why. Perhaps you can.

The notion can be set down in fewer words than a night-telegram—instead of an author's signing his personal name to his writings, he'd sign his work by a combination of numbers or letters or a pen-name. But—this is vital—he'd always sign everything he wrote in the same way. Whatever he took as his "sign" he would adopt, definitely, legally, permanently. His publishers, of course, and his immediate family, would know his personal name. Nobody else.

I've said that as soon as I mention this idea, people object, usually with heat. I've come to know what the usual protests are. One of the first is, "But how could you tell about a writer's truthfulness, or good judgment, or good will, if you didn't know about his personal life?" This leaves me open-mouthed in astonishment. The reader of an author's work has far more data about his judgment, good will or lack of it, sincerity or cynicism, intelligence or obtuseness than about a next-door neighbor. A writer, no matter how objective he may think he is, does nothing but tell you in his writings

Should Authors be
READ
and
NOT SEEN
?

what kind of man he really is. You are closer to him in many deeper aspects of life than to your next-door neighbor. When your neighbor goes into his house to his private life, he shuts the door behind him. When the "real" writer goes into his house, he takes the reader with him—not just into the living-room where anybody can come, but into the secret room where he weeps and exults, struggles with his own failing and limitations, humbly and ardently aspires to the greatness he fears is out of his reach. Or perhaps where he gloats over human weakness and folly, and treasures and exaggerates every piece of evidence he finds that the qualities which are least human and most brutish in us are stronger and more living than our effort to know what righteousness is, and to live up to our understanding of it.

If you hadn't ever read a "personal" item about Somerset Maugham, do you suppose you'd have thought him the same kind of human being as Tolstoi? Yet they both write about wealthy people of high social standing. Does anybody need to hear what Edna St. Vincent Millay wears to know that she is a different kind of person from Robert Service? Does a reader of Robert Frost's poems know him any better for

knowing that he is tall, distinguished-looking, has gray hair, and doesn't always keep his shoes shined? Do you suppose that if Longfellow had had a tragic personality like that of Robinson Jeffers, it would not have come out in his poetry?

There are so many chance, trivial barriers which often separate people who personally "know each other." Have you never said, "I realize that so-and-so's a fine man, and a good citizen. But his voice sets my teeth on edge so I can't appreciate his good points?" Something of real value is lost when the quality of a man's voice prevents you from enjoying and profiting by another human being's fine qualities. There's plenty of such loss, unavoidably, in all casual person-to-person connections, not based on long-continued intimate life in common. Why extend it, unnecessarily to the author-reader relationship, which is really based on another kind of long-continued intimate life in common? In the nature of things, the honest responsible author reveals in his writing what kind of human being he is. He can't help revealing it. He is helplessly unable to make his readers think he is any wiser or deeper or more intelligent than he really is.

I've wondered if another natural craving of humanity isn't mixed up with the wish to "know" writers personally whom you really don't and can't know personally, and do know profoundly and intimately through their writings. The craving for gossip, yes, personal gossip, is universal in all kinds of human groups everywhere on the globe. Diplomatic circles, musical groups, laboratory scientists are as given to it as any village sewing society. Like it or not, practically everybody has a hearty appetite for what seems to be none of his business—information about how other people manage their affairs. Now when practically everybody has a craving for something or other, it's probable that a vitamin (mental, spiritual or physical) is wrapped up in it. So it is not safe to dismiss gossip scornfully. In fact it can't be dismissed in any manner at all. At its best it is perhaps a vicarious experience of life, which like real experience, widens our knowledge of ourselves and others.

But if this information about other people is to give us whatever the satisfaction is which it undoubtedly does give it must be real information, no sawdust ersatz. And gossip which we take wholly on someone's say-so, as we take "literary chat" about authors in columns, we can't be sure of. Maybe it's so. But maybe not. If it is not checked by our own observation, repeated at intervals during first hand acquaintance, it may be the truth, but it may as easily be malicious falsehood, or—just as bad for our purposes—a sentimental whitewashing fairy story. If we try to feed on it, we can't tell whether we are swallowing sawdust, food, or poison. The genuine article in gossip is the good old talk over the back fence about the people who live on your block, or work in the same office with you. About them you make plenty of mistakes, both of observation and interpretation. But unlike the mistakes made by columnists or writers of literary chit chat, these mistakes tend to be corrected by our own continued observation.

What's the point of personal information which isn't based on personal relations, but is relayed and relayed till we haven't any way of testing its truth? We evidently do need gossip—in the meaning of talking over and comparing notes on facts observed in human life. But there are plenty of people personally known to us whom we can't help personally observing, and as *persons* they are exactly as interesting and as worth trying to understand as writers of books.

As to information about an author which really bears on his reliability in the matter of factual information and experience that could all be put in an impersonal three-line publisher's note. "The author of this article on 'At what age should our children be given the use of the family automobile' is forty-two years old, has brought up three children and two nieces." Or, of an article about South American trade, "The author of this statement is the son of a Brazilian mother, has been Consul in three South American cities and is now connected with the Brookings Institute." When it comes to fiction, absolutely no information is needed as to

the author's value as an interpreter of human life other than what he can't help revealing on every page he writes.

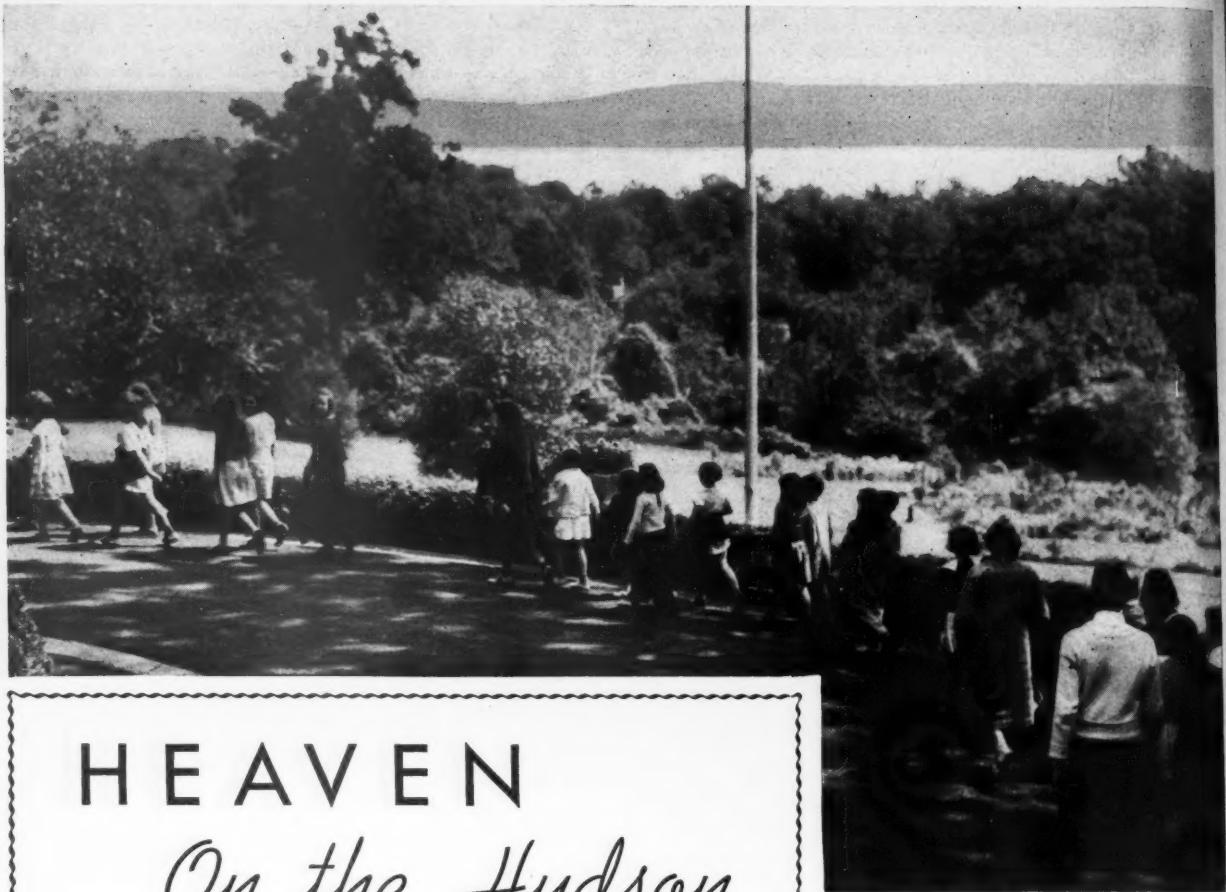
There's one objection often raised to my plan with which I am really impatient. I can hardly wait for people to finish the sentence when they begin, "Anonymity for writers? Why that's been tried before and has proved poisonous. It frees the author from decent responsibility for his own actions! An anonymous writer wears a Ku Klux Klan hood and gown." My answer is "Anonymous—nonsense! Except for his very first production, no writer can be anonymous who always signs his work in the same way. By the time he has been published three or four times his readers know him better than his brother." They judge him, soundly and rigorously not on his charm or lack of it, not on his looks or manners—but on valid evidence as to the stuff of which he is made. Suppose that you had read three or four pleasantly written sketches signed "57" or "ABC" about the joys of trout fishing, or on reading Sir Thomas Browne, or on the Irish players. You share with the author a liking for fly-fishing, you have the same reservations he has about Sir Thomas Browne. You admire the Irish players. You begin to watch for his work. You come across another piece of his, and pounce on it. It is a light, casual, "let 'em eat cake" expression of indifference to the troubles of family life among immigrant workers. Or it is a re-statement of the "Negroes should be kept in their places" aphorism; or "girls need no more education than to know how to please men." Let the style be ever so graceful and accomplished, don't you, from that time on, think of ABC or 57 as "all right on arts and letters. Not much weight to be given to him on other subjects?" Ten years, twenty years from that time when you come across an article of his protesting the high cost of our public school system, you discount his opinion almost to nothing, because he was the writer who intimated that the children of migrant workers weren't worth bothering about. "Anonymous" nothing!

The only one of the protests made to my rather fancifully advanced proposition which stirs me to earnest refutation is a comment sometimes made in a hurt, reproachful tone, "Oh, that would destroy the precious special relation between an author and his own special readers." I always cry out, very much hurt myself, "No, it would not! If there were any danger of that, I'd be the first one to know about the possibility and to safeguard that relationship, for I treasure that relationship with readers as one of the golden rewards of authorship."

Here is what happens under our present system: a reader finds a story, essay, novel, article, history which he likes. He notes the author's name. From that time on, he has an eye out for more writing from the same pen. He says (at least authors, publishers and booksellers ardently hope he says), "I see there's a new book out by Hemingway or Kathleen Norris, or Henry Emerson Fosdick. I must run into the library to get it." Couldn't he follow a favorite author as easily by number as by name, and say, "Well, well, good news! Here's an announcement of a book by 657, just out. I must be sure to get it from the library?"

Sometimes, after finishing the book, an appreciative generous-hearted reader is moved, heaven's blessings on him, to write a note of approval and understanding to the author. To the *author*. The person to whom he writes is not John Jones or Mary Pratt, living in the usual complex of confused shifting relations with those around him which make up personal life. He is somebody much more interesting—the writer of the book he has just read. Him he knows with almost startling intimacy. This fact is as obvious as any Euclidean axiom. Hence a letter to the writer establishes the only relationship which is, in the literal meaning of the word, possible. And a mighty fine one, without which an author's life would be poor indeed.

As is the case with all writers, some of my most prized human relationships are with readers of my books. Many of them have written me, off and on, for years; sometimes to comment on the appearance of a new book of mine, sometimes because they've noticed (Continued on page 43)



HEAVEN *On the Hudson*

By Charles Hanson Towne

A FEW of us were sitting out on a lovely lawn one July night last year. Below us, the lordly Hudson flowed along under a moon which hung like a golden lantern in the sky. It was a breathless night, full of stars and peace, and yet the thoughts of some of us—most of us, I know—turned toward the tragedy of Europe. How safe we were, here on this velvet stretch of earth. There came one of those silences which occur when kindred souls foregather; a moment when it seemed unnecessary to say a word, busy as we were with our thoughts.

Suddenly Lydia Jasper spoke, almost clairvoyantly saying what I had wanted to say. "It's awful over there," she said quietly; "but there's something almost as terrible very much closer to us tonight."

No one, for a second or two, answered. I imagine we all wanted Lydia, who had done a great deal of social service work, to continue, lest any guess of ours might break her chain of thought. She must have been sensible of our wish. "I mean,"

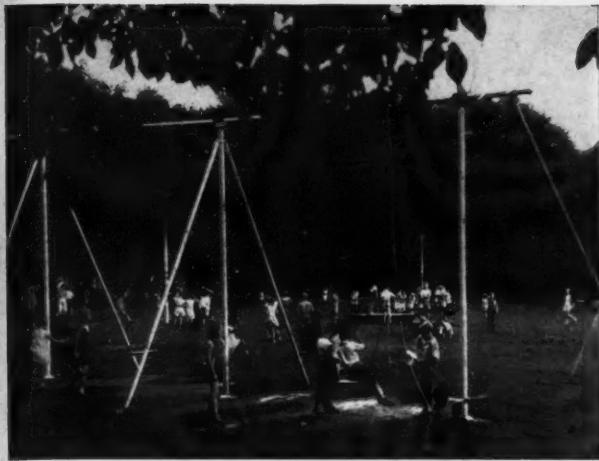
she spoke very softly now, "those pitiful little children down on the Lower East Side tonight. Oh, yes!" she added, but not melodramatically, as another might have done, "the same moon is shining over Rivington street; but the same soft wind isn't blowing there. Of that you may feel sure."

We were all quiet now. There had been a little quaver in Lydia's voice. Then she continued: "Wars end, you know. They have to end sometime; but this war against poverty—oh, do you think it will ever be settled as it should be? The under-privileged—they need light and air and food, just as you and I need them. Have you ever spent a blistering summer in a huge city like New York? You should do it—just for the experience; to learn, at first hand, how terrible the oven-like city can be. It envelops one. It strangles one's throat. It is a monster that clutches and chokes. The dim, narrow canyons of the streets shut out any breeze that might blow. The rich have escaped—and people like you and me; but the poor must remain in those caves

Mont Lawn looks out over the beautiful river. Can any child help being affected for the better by living for a time amid scenes like this?

of darkness that are tenements. *They* can't get to the seaside, or to a spot like this where we sit comfortably tonight."

A ferryboat in the river below made its authentic way across the water, seeking with sureness the pier that was its hourly destiny. We could see that it was crowded with gay people who had spent a whole day in the country, on those wonderful Palisades across from us. No, these were not the very poor of whom Lydia had spoken so feelingly. These were folk who could afford a day in the open; who had learned that recreation means re-creation. They were returning from a brief holiday, and they would be refreshed on the morrow, ready for their work. There were no Bowery-bred children among them. Lucky vacationists, we thought; and then our minds returned to the children of whom Lydia had told us. Why couldn't everybody have a holiday now and then, escape from the baking pavements in summer? "A confusing world," someone said. And "Yes," answered Lydia, "we help to make it more confusing by paying small attention to the needs of the poor who constitute the coming generation. We can do our bit about them, if we will. I know of a work that is glorious, and that all of us could join if we had the desire. It's being done now, right over there." She nodded



No child can resist a swing—and the Mont Lawn playground is well equipped with them



Above, there's always plenty of milk for the children at Mont Lawn. And how they love it!

Below, the "chutes" in the playground are always busy



toward the western side of the Hudson, from whence the ferry-boat had come.

We were eager with questions. Just what did Lydia mean? Wouldn't she tell us? "Indeed, I will," she said.

"There's Nyack, over on that side of the river. Years ago Dr. Lawrence Jewett owned a great frame house there, facing the water. He saw a chance to do some good with it; and offered it to *Christian Herald* as a vacation home for poor children. The place was called Mont Lawn. The original frame dwelling is now surrounded by other buildings—dormitories, play-houses, a chapel, and so on. A whole happy community it is now, and there are nurses and doctors to see that every child brought to the place is given a thorough physical examination and started well on the road to health. Why, some of the children gain five or ten pounds during their stay of two weeks! You see an under-nourished youngster come in; but you never see one go out. The best plain food is served, and you should see the smiles in the eyes of the children as they drink their warm soup, dig into their plateful of juicy meat and fresh vegetables, and literally hug the glass that contains the purest of milk. How far away the dark districts are, and how good it is to be

here, in this revivifying atmosphere!

"I've always said," Lydia went on, "that if I were possessed of great wealth I'd share it only with the very young and the very old. Those in between can look after themselves—unless, of course, they are ill. But bringing happiness and health to a child—could anything give one a greater satisfaction? Those children grow, both spiritually and physically, before your eyes, in the brief time they are within this pleasant domain, so well named Mont Lawn. Most of them have never seen so spic-and-span a place. Why, one could literally eat off the floors, so clean they are kept! But that isn't necessary, even for a test. There are plenty of tables, equally clean! Come over there with me sometime, and see the children as they file in to the dining-hall. They say a prayer together, and I imagine that there are no more sincere words uttered than those which come from their lips.

"Now, in all such enterprises, there must be a practical working guide. You may dislike statistics, but wouldn't you like to know just how much it costs to send a child for a fortnight's vacation to this delectable little heaven on earth?"

We all chorused that we certainly would. We were beginning to *see* the children over there, as our eyes strove to pierce the darkness. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and so the other shore was nothing to us but a dark line in the distance.

"Well, think of it: a five dollar check will keep a child one whole week; twice that sum, twice that long. A quarter of a dollar helps to pay car-fare, and fifty cents buys shoes for a youngster.

"I was over there the other day, watching the children romp about, caroling their glee in lively piping voices. A touching thing happened. A nice youngish married couple drove up in a Ford, and asked if they could go through the building, and 'sort of mosey around,' as the gentleman put it. They'd heard of Mont Lawn, and having no children of their own, they had talked with each other, and decided that they would like to leave something in their will for just such a fine charity as this. But—and this was only a human desire—they wanted to know in just what sort of place their money would go. They hoped Mont Lawn was conducted on a business-like basis, and that funds were not frittered away. They were soon convinced, after they had looked around, that they couldn't put their dollars into a more splendid work. They were the type of American citizen one most admires—plain, gentle people, with a dream in their hearts. They endowed a cot in perpetuity, which meant donating five hundred dollars—this, in addition to the terms in their will. Fifty dollars endows a cot for one season. But one needn't think in such large sums, unless one wishes to do so! Every penny helps—don't forget that!"



JULY, 1941

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, JULY 1

A RESOLVE FOR TODAY

"MASTER, I WILL FOLLOW THEE."
READ MATTHEW 8:14-22.

THAT resolve has been expressed thus: "I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed. I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed. I will cease to sit repining while duty's call is clear. I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear. I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread. I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead. I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine." In brief, follow the Christ.

O Lord, inspire our hearts to walk in the light, that we may have fellowship with Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

"FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD."
READ JAMES 2:14-24.

A FAMOUS preacher of Scotland, Dr. Norman McLeod, was a tall, burly figure. He was crossing a Highland loch with an undersized brother minister when a sudden storm swept down. The boat was in danger of being swamped, when the frail little man suggested they should pray for deliverance. But the boatman intervened. "Na, guid sirs," he said. "Let the wee one pray, but the big one tak an oar and pulls." Pray and work!

Give us the true spirit of prayer, that we may honor Thee by also working out our salvation with Thy help.

THURSDAY, JULY 3

A SONG OF SUMMER DAYS

"ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE."
READ PSALM 145:1-10.

"JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory, Lord of love; hearts unfold like flowers before Thee, opening to the

sun above. Melt the clouds of sin and sadness, drive the dark of doubt away, giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heaven reflect Thy rays, stars and angels sing around Thee, center of unbroken praise. Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery meadow, flashing sea, chanting bird and flowing fountain, call us to rejoice in Thee."

For Thy mighty works, Thy tender care, Thy redeeming love in Christ our Saviour, we adore Thy holy name, through Him, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 4

THE BELL OF BLESSED MEMORY

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."
READ LEVITICUS 25:1-10.

LIBERTY BELL, cherished in Independence Hall, may be silent, but it yet rings down the corridors of time. It was originally cast in England, brought here in 1752, but was damaged in landing. It was, therefore, recast, and its voice proclaimed the birth of this nation. In the City Hall of Prague, in Czechoslovakia, there hangs an exact replica of it, given by Americans of Czech descent to the then new republic. No matter what has happened since, we can still rejoice in our freedom; yea, still more in the liberty with which Christ has made us free. Count your blessings.

For Thy grace unto our fathers, for the blessings of this our land, accept our gratitude, O God.

SATURDAY, JULY 5

ARE WE TRUSTING?

"REST IN THE LORD, WAIT PATIENTLY."
READ PSALM 37:1-9.

THE poet sometimes sees things more clearly than the more prosaic. "Do not worry, heart of mine; there is rain as well as shine in this strange old world of ours. There are tears as well as smiles. But the sunny afterwhiles shall be sweeter for the showers. There are crosses; there are bars, but the nights

are crowned with stars, and the days are gemmed with flowers." So to the mind stayed on Jehovah, to the heart that rests in Him, without complaining and trying to fathom what is beyond our limited powers, His grace shall be made known.

O Christ, who didst promise Thy peace to those who would believe Thee, help us that our heart be not troubled. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 6

GOD BLESS AMERICA

"THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH."
READ PSALM 48.

THE Jew was patriotic. We have even greater cause to love our land. These days have taught us, as never before, the value of the things our fathers made ours. We live where we are free to think, read, and say what we wish. We can meet for worship without interference, and without fear of either a concentration camp or a firing squad. We can choose our course in life, and within limits, we can be what we choose to be. What obligations these benefits impose! What an instrument in God's hand we can be to bless others! Are we willing?

For Thy bountiful mercies to us, O God, help us to be humbly grateful, and to show our gratitude in tireless effort. Through Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 7

THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER."
READ ROMANS 8:22-29.

LOOK at a doctor's prescription. To most of us, it is quite unintelligible. The Latin words, the signs used, leave most of us guessing. The druggist, however, knows what it means. He compounds the various items required. Then he puts on a label, "Shake well before taking." That mixes the contents, and the ingredients then work together for the patient's recovery. Some of God's providences cannot be understood. Taken separately, some

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



seem to deny His love and wisdom. But they are not meant to be taken separately. He knows how best to bring spiritual health. Why not trust Him?

Save us from doubting Thy wisdom, but help us so to entrust ourselves to Thee that Thy purpose may be fulfilled. For Christ's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 8

DEFECTIVE?

"THE LORD LOOKETH ON THE HEART."
READ I SAMUEL 16:1-7.

AT ONE of our arsenals, a gun in the making was marked with red paint, "Defective." Close scrutiny showed only some insignificant little marks, where air bubbles had formed. Why reject it for that? Those marks were indicative of deeper faults. And that would mean the gun would burst in firing. Man's character may pass muster under the cursory judgment of the world, but God looks on the heart. He knows how deep our need of salvation. That is why He gave His well-beloved Son.

O Thou who knowest us altogether, help us in sincerity and true desire to seek Thy full salvation. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION?

"OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY."
READ I CORINTHIANS 3:10-17.

HOW firm a foundation has Christianity to offer the Christian and to a world yet to be reconstructed? With so much advance in human knowledge, with so many revolutionary changes taking place about us, can we be sure that our belief in the ultimate conquest by Christ is well-based? How much do we know about Christian essentials? How much can we know? This is a good time to read some informative books about our faith. Ask your bookseller or consult your minister.

Deepen our knowledge of Thyself, O God, that we may truly build on the Rock which cannot be moved. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 10

SIN'S FASCINATION

"THE END OF THOSE THINGS IS DEATH."
READ ROMANS 6:15-23.

THERE is a peculiar spider in South America which emits a soft, phosphorescent light. This is the way it attracts its prey. Partly by curiosity, partly through some kind of hypnotism, so they say, an insect will approach, only

to find itself in the clutches from which there is no escape. When people trifle with known evil, when they dally with sin just to see what it is like, they are running no imaginary risks. Sin's fatal fascination can result in only one thing—the destruction of life's best.

Knowing what Thou dost desire for us, help us, dear Lord, that we may be kept from evil. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 11

THE BEST AND THE WORST

"LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STANDETH."

READ I CORINTHIANS 10:1-13.

THE best and the worst are not far apart in most of us. A gallant soldier in the A.E.F. was decorated with the distinguished service cross, and also the Croix de Guerre for saving the life of General Petain. He was commended by General Pershing for his exploits. Yet later, he served six years for stealing supplies and for forgery. Another sentence followed for impersonating an officer. His splendid record was ruined. Paul cautioned us about thinking we are something we are not. But the wondrous grace of Christ can bring the best from the worst—if we will let Him.

Frail and tempted, weak and vacillating, keep us, O Christ by Thine effectual power. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 12

HOW DO YOU VIEW LIFE?

"TO THIS END WAS I BORN."

READ JOHN 18:33-40.

To THE soldier life's a battle; to the teacher life's a school. Life's a good thing to the grafted; it's a failure to the fool. To the man upon the engine life's a long and heavy grade. It's a gamble to the gambler; to the merchant life is trade. Life is like a good vacation to the man who loves his work. Life's an everlasting effort to shun duty, to the shirk. To the earnest, loving Christian life's a story ever new. Life is what we try to make it. . . . Brother, what is life to you?"

In Thee, O Christ, we have both the secret and the power of life according to God's will. Grant us Thy blessing and Thy help. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 13

OUT OF THE PIT

"HE BROUGHT ME UP."

READ PSALM 40:1-8.

AJOURNALIST in New York City, having given way to excesses, had lost

his position. Every door except one seemed closed. With his last money, he had bought some poison, and that Sunday morning would end everything. He encountered some people, going into church. Because time was now no object, he decided to go in for a while. As he looked curiously at these people at worship, he heard words which gripped his soul. The preacher must have known what he intended doing. He listened, awed, petrified! It was not the preacher; it was God—the God who loved, who could help. He threw away the bottle, discarded his sins, and why? He had found the Christ.

O Thou who dost seek and save the lost, help us to aid Thee that by all means we may save some. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 14

THE SOUL SHOWS

"AS HE THINKETH IN HIS HEART."

READ PROVERBS 23:1-7.

IN THE British Museum, there used to be two busts of Nero, placed side by side. One showed him at the beginning of his reign; the other at its close. The marks of self-indulgence and bestiality are written deeply on the second. Not far away was a bust of Marcus Aurelius, showing serenity, self-control, and strength. Granted that the sculptor put into those faces what he sought to portray, it is still a fact that the soul shows in the face. Let the life be in harmony with God, and there will be an indication of it in the countenance.

Let us live for Thee, O gracious God, even as by so doing we may witness to Thee. Through Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 15

INASMUCH

"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

READ MATTHEW 25:34-46.

HERE is a volume in a sentence. It may well move us to examine the motives which dominate our lives, and the generous or niggard hand with which, in these torturing days, we respond to the many calls for help from stricken humanity. "Inasmuch" suggests the divine motive for all service on behalf of the suffering. It is the apex of commendation for the soul responsive to the promptings of God's spirit. It is also the measure of condemnation and of self-reproach when those high impulses toward sympathy and generous help are resisted. "Inasmuch as ye did it . . . did it not . . . to Me."

Help us O God, to feel for, and minister unto, those in need. Amen.

(Continued on page 45)



Garnish the ice cream with a whole Brazil nut—and don't forget to pass the cake

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

ICE CREAM and cake will be served on the church lawn! Posters on church bulletin boards, in local store windows, announce the news. Ice cream is always a party—but it's the cake that brings the crowd. Ice cream will be the usual ice cream ordered in five and ten gallon cans from the local dairy. It's the same ice cream you buy any afternoon at the ice cream parlor. Two kinds are offered, likely, chocolate and vanilla or vanilla and strawberry.

But the cake—that's donated by the church ladies. Each cake is a show-off demonstrating some woman's baking skill. That long table of cakes is a miniature God's acre. Those mountains of sweetness will earn money for the church. Some are sold whole, some are cut and sold ten cents a slice and served with ice cream—or with lemonade or punch.

There's an enormous fruit cake, that one to be stored away for the holidays. It is chock-a-block with rinds of lemon and orange, with citron, with currants. Nuts cobble the surface. There's a cake built in layers and covered deep with beaten sugar, egg white and cream. Next is a still more enormous creation laden with chocolate. Some has run down the side to the plate to make an enticing little pool, tempting to the finger.

The fruit cake—to store away and ripen for the holidays—is donated by



Easy to make, these rich chocolate layers with their fluffy white frosting

ICE CREAM and CAKE Served on the Church Lawn

Mrs. C. E. O'Neil. It is a famous bazaar cake recipe from the Ladies Aid of Algona, Iowa.

IOWA FRUIT CAKE

1 cup butter	1 pound currants (may be left out)
2 cups white sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound dates
1 cup molasses	2 cups chopped nuts
1 cup coffee	1 cup shredded candied citrus peel
1 teaspoon soda	4 eggs
1/2 cup cinnamon	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded citron
1/2 cup nutmeg	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 pound raisins	1/2 cup flour
	4 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar. Add molasses and coffee in which soda is dissolved. Beat eggs and add to mixture. Add spices, fruits and nuts. At the last add 4 cups flour into which baking powder has been sifted. Beat or stir until smooth. Bake in three loaf pans (8 x 4 x 3") in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour or until firm.

Dora R. Newell of the First Methodist Church in Carrollton, Ohio sent the next recipe for Red Chocolate cake which is the annual best seller at the Christmas bazaar put on by the ladies of the church. "We can never bake enough of these to supply the demand." Dora Newell wrote. "The two layer is sold for \$1.00, the one layer for 75 cents."

RED CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour	1 egg
1 teaspoon soda	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa wet to a paste with boiling water and cup filled
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream tartar	
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening	water and cup filled with sweet milk
1 cup granulated sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure and add soda and cream tartar and sift 3 times. Cream

shortening, add sugar gradually, blending thoroughly. Then add egg. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with cocoa mixture, mixing after each addition until smooth. Bake in 9-inch square pan 40 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Frost with any icing preferred.

Savannah, New York sends Scripture cake. When her local church was celebrating the anniversary of the printing of the Bible, Mrs. E. M. Clark made this cake for the party and sold the recipe at five cents a copy, the money received going to her Missionary Society.

SCRIPTURE CAKE

1 cup butter	Judges 5.25
2 cups sugar	Jeremiah 6.20
6 eggs	Isaiah 10.14
2 cups raisins	I Samuel 30.12
2 cups figs	I Samuel 30.12
1 cup almonds	Genesis 24.17
1 cup water	Genesis 43.11
1 tablespoon honey	Psalm 81.16
3/4 cups flour	I Kings 4.22
pinch of salt	Mark 9.50
spices to taste	I Kings 10.10
2 spoonfuls baking powder	I Cor. 5.6

Follow the old advice for making good boys and girls and you will have a good cake, Prov. 22.6.

For those who need more explicit directions, we would do it this way:

Cream butter well and beat in sugar and then eggs, one at a time. Add fruits and nuts, then water and honey. Mix and sift flour with salt, spices and baking powder. Add to first mixture and beat or stir until smooth. Turn into 2 loaf pans (8 x 4 x 3") and bake in slow to moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour or until firm. Remove from pans and cool.

(Continued on page 40)

MOTION PICTURE Commentator

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

Major Barbara

PROOF of England's courage (as if we needed added proof) is the fact that even though bombs are raining down and air-raid sirens sound continually, the British go ahead with the production of high-class movies. "Major Barbara," one of the year's top dramatic cinema offerings, literally was made under shell fire at the height of the aerial blitzkrieg.

Authored by George Bernard Shaw, the film tells an absorbing story of the struggle of a young and pretty English Salvation Army major to cling to her ideals. Daughter of a millionaire who scoffed at her faith in the people of the slums, she battles not only ignorance but brutality and cynicism. Under her influence, the little religious headquarters she commands aids the hungry and homeless. A hardened character of the underworld is impressed by her sincerity and reforms.

But Major Barbara's fight is also against the acceptance of money from her father (a munitions maker) and a manufacturer of whiskey who offers to contribute a quarter of a million to the Army's support. Major Barbara pleads with her superiors not to accept the money. "Whiskey has ruined many of the souls we are trying to save," she says and she is especially bitter when her father gives a large sum which she charges was "made from blood and killing." When her superiors take the money, she resigns from the Army.

When her husband-to-be, also a member of the Salvation Army, accepts a position in her father's factory, Major Barbara joins him, hoping that perhaps there is work to be done among the thousands of factory workers.

Told as only Shaw can tell a story, "Major Barbara" is highly entertaining as an example of human courage. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley and Robert Newton head the excellent cast.

Blood and Sand

"Blood and Sand" is a glorification of matadors and despite its brilliant technicolor and fine acting, it fails to prove bullfighting anything more than a disgusting and degrading "sport" exhibition.

The two-hour film deals with the life of a bullfighter's son who, after a happy marriage, becomes the hero of Europe. Success goes to his head and he forgets his loyal wife and plunges into a gay social life which results in loss of his killing skill. Thanks to his wife, he regains whatever prestige a bullfighter needs and his death finds him again a hero.

Tyrone Power plays the leading role, with Linda Darnell, Rita Hayworth and John Carradine supporting the 20th Century-Fox star. We do not recommend

"Blood and Sand" as family entertainment and many adults will find its theme a poor subject for film audiences.

A Woman's Face

A livid scar, which made her ashamed to face the world, caused Joan Crawford to turn against humanity. The story of her frustration and unhappiness is well told in MGM's "A Woman's Face" a rather melodramatic but entertaining film.

The scar was given her by a drunken father. Not until she found a surgeon who erased it did she find a person who would look upon her with anything but scorn and pity. But when the scar was removed, she was in the clutches of a ruthless blackmailer and murderer and only the surgeon's faith in her prevented her from further crime.

Aside from Miss Crawford, Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt contribute excellent performances. Adults who like the unusual in their cinema drama will enjoy this story of the triumph of courage over almost hopeless odds.

Scattergood Pulls the Strings

Guy Kibbee is the perfect actor for the Scattergood Baines series of entertaining family movies. In the latest RKO "Scattergood Pulls the Strings" he is again the leading figure in the little town of Coldriver. He only picks up a runaway boy, gets a pardon for the boy's father, launches the career of a local inventor, offers good advice to everyone and generally makes himself quite a useful and happy citizen. A wholesome and enjoyable film.

Love Crazy

Full of laughs and comedy situations, "Love Crazy" is a happy successor to the previous films of William Powell and Myrna Loy, the screen husband-and-wife team. This time Powell simulates insanity to avoid a threatening divorce and his antics to escape a private sanatorium are to say the least, amusing. The divorce never happens, but Powell has a difficult time convincing his wife and others that he really is sane. A gay adult comedy.

One Night in Lisbon

"One Night in Lisbon" is a fluffy bit of film fare dealing with an American pilot in London. Set against a serious war background, the dialogue and general theme of this Paramount offering are slightly offensive to those who think there are more important things at stake in England than love in an air-raid shelter. With Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll and Patricia Morrison.

The Country Preacher Says:

WE'VE been having more hot weather and very little rain. The Preacher has just come in from watering his tomato plants. Some very early ones are all right but the late ones had the drouth and black mites both to contend with. Shelley brought down a lot of cans with both ends cut out and those are great things to put over any plants you set out. Bank the dirt a bit about the can and then pour the water in. It goes right down about the roots. This hot weather brought out the summer clothing for the fair sex. They say the American girls think a good deal about their clothes but are not wholly wrapt up in them!

The Preacher was in Boston to attend a meeting the other day and Mark Dawber was there. He had picked up a good one. Mrs. Uppercrust in Washington was throwing a swell party and being short of men, what better than just send over to camp and invite some of the soldier boys. "Any preference as regards the men we send?" asked the Captain. "Oh no," came the answer "Only not any Jews of course. Otherwise O.K." With everything all set and notable ladies present there came a ring of the bell and the hostess flung wide open the door. She nearly collapsed on seeing twelve colored men. "Why," she cried, "there is a mistake—a mistake." "Oh, no!" said the sergeant. "Oh, no. Captain Rosenblum doesn't make mistakes."

The Preacher was talking about epitaphs in the sermon the other day and you now know he told of one that said "She made home happy." That seemed to just take hold of the mothers there. Two weeks later a mother said: "You know I just keep saying that over, I can't help it. What better could be said of anybody?" A woman may be a grand cook and keep the house looking like a furniture store—and the home not be happy for all that.

I think I told you about that text that should read, "He spoke as one having Reality instead of Authority." And now I read that recent discoveries have shown that instead of reading "Many are called but few are chosen," it should read "Many are called but few are choosing." This certainly makes all the difference in the world—in short it makes good sense.

Did you hear about the advice the old farmer gave the young minister who had just come to an Episcopal parish and wanted to introduce incense? "What do you think would happen if I put it in?" "Well, I'll tell you what would happen. The congregation would fume. The vestry would be incensed, and you would be smoked out in less than a year."

The Preacher has often wondered how private preparatory schoolboys compared with public high school boys both in college and after they go out into the world. Now a very careful and fair study has been made, taking quite a number of colleges as a test to go by.

Do you know and would you believe that the products of the public schools where we commoners have to send our boys came out ahead all along the line? Nearly twice as many high school boys won distinction after college as prep school boys.

George B. Gilbert.

(Continued from page 38)

HERE'S THE CHART THAT HELPED MAKE ME A JELLY CHAMPION

EXPERT! Mrs. Carrie Parker, of Littleton, N. H., won \$100 First Prize at the 1940 N.Y. World's Fair for her strawberry jam made with Certo.

JUST COMPARE THESE TWO METHODS WITH CERTO

THE OLD WAY

1. Mrs. A, after cleaning and crushing her berries, was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

2. The red band on the kettle indicates amount of fruit and juice that Mrs. A got from her berries (4 cups). The berries cost 16½¢ a quart—2 quarts 33¢.

3. Mrs. A added 2 pounds of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 5¢ per pound—2 pounds 10¢.

4. Following the old "pound per pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boil evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off much of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

5. When Mrs. A poured her jam, she found she had 6 glasses. The cost:
Berries..... 33¢
Sugar..... 10¢
6) 43¢
7 1/6¢

The 6 glasses of jam that Mrs. A made cost an average of at least 7 1/6¢ per glass.

6. It took 45 minutes for Mrs. A to make her 6 glasses of jam. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.



5. Mrs. B was ready to start her jam-making at nine o'clock, too.

2. Mrs. B, using the same quantity of berries (2 quarts), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Berries cost 16½¢ a quart—2 quarts 33¢.

3. Mrs. B added 3 lbs. of sugar (an extra pound because she knew none of her fruit juice would boil away). The sugar cost 5¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 15¢.

4. Mrs. B brought her fruit and sugar to a full rolling boil, boiled hard for 3 minutes, removed from the stove, and added ½ bottle of Certo. Certo is simply the jellifying substance of fruit in concentrated liquid form. At about 24¢ per bottle, the ½ bottle Mrs. B used cost about 12¢.

5. Mrs. B got 10 glasses of the same size as Mrs. A's from her berries. The cost:
Berries..... 33¢
Sugar..... 15¢
Certo (½ bottle).... 12¢
10) 60¢
6¢

The 10 glasses cost only 6¢ per glass. Note how Certo pays for itself in increased yield—saves time, fuel.

6. Mrs. B's 10 glasses of jam were made in just 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen. And it had cost her nothing to use Certo!

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WITH CERTO IT'S EASY TO JELL ALL FRUITS—EVEN FOR A BEGINNER LIKE ME!

BEGINNER! Miss Ethel Cundall, of Brighton, Colorado, found she didn't need experience to make perfect jams and jellies with no-guess Certo.

MORE JELLY AND JAM FOR FAR LESS WORK!

SEVEN MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten	1 teaspoon light corn syrup
1½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla water

Put egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly blended and white in color. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat constantly with rotary egg beater. Cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire, add vanilla, and beat until cool and thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of two 9-inch layers.

Big hit at the church bazaars in Goshen, Indiana is the Nut Spice cake baked by Mrs. J. Paul Neterer.

NUT SPICE CAKE

2 cups granulated sugar	1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup lard	1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups water	4 cups flour, sifted
1 teaspoon soda	¾ cup walnuts, chopped
2 teaspoons cinnamon	

Combine sugar, lard and water. Heat to boiling and simmer 5 minutes. Cool. Mix and sift soda, spices and flour. Add to cooled mixture. Beat until smooth and stir in nuts. Bake in shallow loaf pan in slow oven (325° F.) 45 minutes. Frost with plain butter frosting. Yield: 2 cakes 6 x 10 x 1½ inches.

RAISIN FEATHER CAKE

1 quart raisins	7 teaspoons baking powder
1 pint shortening	2 teaspoons cloves
3 cups granulated sugar (for mix)	4 teaspoons vanilla extract
8 egg yolks	8 egg whites
1 pint milk	1 cup granulated sugar (for egg whites)
6½ cups all-purpose flour, sifted	Boiled Icing
2 teaspoons salt	

Rinse raisins, drain and dry on a towel. Put half of raisins through food grinder or chop fine. Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks and mix. Add milk alternately with flour sifted with salt, baking powder and spice, and beat. Add flavoring and ground or chopped raisins and stir to blend. Beat egg whites stiff and beat in remaining sugar; fold into batter. Pour into greased 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes; cool. Add whole raisins to boiled icing; spread between layers and frost top and sides.

A neighborly letter from Jennie Warner of Vancouver, British Columbia, an active member of the Anglican Young Peoples Association of St. Phillips Church. She writes, "I have noticed that in our get-togethers whether the group is large or small, that there has been a Fruit Punch available for those who did not take tea or coffee, and often we serve this as an appetizer to get a dinner going. Here's how we make it:

FRUIT PUNCH

2 cups boiling water	2½ cups grapefruit juice
4 cups granulated sugar	1 large can crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons tea infused in 5 cups boiling water	2½ cups cold water
2½ cups orange juice and pulp	2 quarts gingerale
2½ cups lemon juice	1 fairly large block of ice
	orange slices

Stir boiling water and sugar over heat until sugar dissolves; bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Add tea infusion. Cool. Then add juices and pulp, and chill.

(Continued from page 15)

they do not have Shinto god-shelves in their homes. (In Japanese-dominated Korea, two American Presbyterians in May received prison sentences of ten months each for removing god-shelves from the homes of their servants.) They quoted a recent official pronouncement of the Japanese Ministry of Education on Amaterasu: "The god we speak of here has a different meaning from the absolute God."

Dr. Abe, whose first action after he became bishop was last year reported to have been a trip to Ise to tell Amaterasu of his election—in the same fashion that cabinet ministers and ambassadors visit the shrine to report their appointments to the Imperial Ancestor—declared that this was not true. Said he:

"A few weeks after I was elected Bishop of the Methodist Church, on my way to Osaka to attend an important meeting of our church I spent a day at Ise with a group of Japanese colleagues and my family. I went as a patriotic American citizen might visit one of the sacred shrines of America." Bishop Abe has not visited Ise since.

The American group at Riverside listened sympathetically to these explanations, agreed that the appropriate conduct in the matter of shrine-going was a matter for Japanese Christians to decide. That is, foreign missionaries are still free to decide for themselves.

No Christian in either Japan or America thinks that foreign missionaries will ever again be dominant in Japan. More than two-thirds of the 750 Protestant missionaries there have left in the last year. Many of the rest plan to depart this summer. The Presbyterians have stood firm and made no substantial withdrawals. But the Episcopalians, whose non-Japanese bishops were the first target of last summer's regulations, have summoned home all but sixteen of their workers. The Methodists have recalled all theirs.

Catholics (some seventy-five per cent of the priests in Japan are foreign) have not left—partly because they are already under the Japanese Archbishop of Tokyo, partly because they have headquarters in the Axis.

Some Protestant missionaries are staying to do what work they can in the hope that conditions will soon improve. At the moment, however, very few still hold full-time pastoral posts. Typical restriction on those who do remain: no foreigner can teach "thought subjects" like history, philosophy, economics and theology.

No missionaries, of course, are serving as foreign agents, but super-patriotic Japanese nationalists say that if they are not spies they are potential spies. So often the mere continued presence of American Christians is an actual embarrassment to their Japanese brethren. And in case of war Japan would regard the missionaries as enemy aliens, subject to internment and imprisonment.

But Japanese Christians are anxious to have American workers return as soon as they can, and even offer to help support those who are now staying. The delegates to Riverside brought many a message of gratitude for past missionary work, and many a hope that it somehow can be

continued in the future. They promised that Christians from other countries would be given a chance to aid the Japan Christian Church in evangelistic—not executive—jobs with a real challenge, opportunity and responsibility.

Still to be worked out is the relationship between the different denominations in America and the one united church in Japan. Obviously, the only workers who can be sent to Japan are those who, in the words of one American delegate, have "union tickets issued by the church." Released, however, from the carping cares of finances, personnel and denominational machinery, foreign missionaries will be free as never before for real spiritual blitzkrieg and for the forming of lines of fellowship across organizational, racial and national barriers. And though the Japanese Government has banned some forms of foreign financial aid, it still allows missionaries to be supported from abroad and unrestricted gifts to be sent to Japanese church institutions.

But the Japanese delegates at Riverside vigorously asserted that church services in Japan do not include any patriotic exercises. And American observers concede that there has been no serious persecution of Christians in Japan. One small religious sect—the Jehovah's Witnesses—has undergone more active persecution in the United States during the past year than Christians in Japan have undergone in the past fifty years. The Vatican, which has frequently denounced Russia, Germany, Mexico and other countries for their persecution of Roman Catholics, has had no cause to complain about the treatment of Christians in Japan.

Furthermore, Japanese Protestants are far from being on the defensive. Last year Kagawa headed a stirring nationwide evangelistic movement which drew great throngs of the unreached in all parts of Japan. For 1941 the Movement has set up six aims: 1, an aggressive campaign to give the gospel to the masses; 2, a series of retreats clear across the empire; 3, an extension of the program into North China; 4, development of the peasant gospel-school movement; 5, promotion of the Domestic Evangelistic Society; 6, evangelistic programs for students and young people.

Bishop Abe says that the interfaith fellowship this evangelistic campaign has engendered in the last five years was the greatest single factor in making possible the new united church. Kagawa has pledged three more years' work to it.

But perhaps the most important development of the whole Riverside Conference was its proclamation that the Protestant Churches of Japan and the United States may continue their Christian fellowship even though their countries are tragically close to war. The Japanese delegation found "an ever deepening mutual experience of the fact that we are one in Christ." In its final message of greeting to the Christians of all lands, the Conference proclaimed:

"Renewed in faith by our own experience together, we express our conviction that if the problems which harass the world could be faced in conference by the leaders of the nations in the spirit of Christ, there is no obstacle that could not be overcome."

77
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(Continued from page 27)

The genesis of Dr. Bonnell's work is a splendid illustration of how hospital experience can make the minister a better personal adviser. For many years his father was supervisor of the Falconwood Hospital in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where mental illnesses were treated. From the age of ten the son spent many week-ends there, accompanying his father on his rounds. The elder Bonnell had a strong faith in God and believed that religion can be highly effective in mental cases. When no chaplain was available he conducted religious services. One of the boy's treasured memories is that of watching a congregation his father addressed on the text, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." It was a restless, muttering audience at first, but as the supervisor went on with his sermon the murmuring died down, twitching bodies relaxed, restless feet became quiet, and, finally, every face was fixed intently on the speaker.

At seventeen, John became a nurse in Falconwood. His contacts with patients gave him a rare opportunity to study human nature. One experience stands out like a lighthouse. A lawyer who was a paranoiac arrived for treatment. Knowing that he was a brilliant scholar, and to divert him from his delusions of persecution, the senior Bonnell asked the patient if he would prepare his son for college. It was thus that the young man had his first lessons in algebra, geometry, and Greek. One day the lawyer said to his pupil with great earnestness, "If you go into the ministry and combine the knowledge you are gaining here with the power of religion to stabilize minds, you will blaze trails!"

In 1916, Bonnell, then a student at the Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia, enlisted as a gunner in the Canadian Army. In France he was plunged into a new kind of "human nature bath" and learned still more about the best and worst in man. He was twice a casualty, then invalidated because of gas poisoning. Resuming his studies in 1918, he finished college in 1922 and had his first church within the year. From the beginning of his career his clinical background and natural bent brought him many who were in trouble. Very carefully he developed his technique in diagnosing and counseling, accepting the mentally and physically ill only when medical treatment was also being given. After twelve years in two Canadian churches he was called to New York in 1935.

Meanwhile, work similar to Dr. Bonnell's has been taking root vigorously in churches of nearly every Protestant denomination. A few years ago it was seldom that he could refer an out-of-town inquirer to some minister in his own community. Today he knows over 400 ministers, from Maine to California, to whom he can send many who write him. More than 30,000 listeners have requested copies of his radio talks over NBC, often "because you dealt with the very problem that's bothering me." His book, *Pastoral Psychiatry*, now in its sixth edition, brings hundreds of letters a year from clergymen who ask his advice about this or that unusual problem which has been laid before them, or asking how they can get

as good results in their own churches.

Such is the beginning. A greater future lies ahead. In 1925, under the Rev. Anton T. Boisen and Dr. William A. Bryan, a handful of divinity students attended the first clinical training center in the Worcester, Massachusetts, State Hospital. Today students of over twenty Protestant denominations and from some 40 seminaries are getting full-time experience for three, six and sometimes twelve months in mental and general hospitals and penal institutions.

Only seven years ago Dr. W. R. Inge, then Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, said, "I hope that in the future the clergy will regard themselves primarily as physicians of the soul. A clergyman who has tact, experience, and real sympathy can do much more good in private consultations than by his public ministrations. It ought to be a matter of course for our people to come to us when they are in difficulty about their souls."

Today that vision is being made into a reality. The pastor's eye is not only on the whole flock; it also watches each member, one by one "that they feed in good pasture, be not torn by wild beasts, or hurt in any other way." It looks as though, in time, the minister will become the first friend to go to in times of trouble instead of the last.



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By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest \$500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

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"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by _____

(Continued from page 18)

ways in time of weakness and illness. Certainly these Friends In Deed have found something to compensate them for the time and effort they have spent with and for others. It may not have filled their pockets with money. It could scarcely have brought them wild joy or laughter. What is it? Perhaps even they do not know, beyond a feeling of deep contentment—a glimpse of the peace that passeth all understanding.

We often hear the expression "business is business." This is just another way of saying "I take no chances without first making sure where I am coming out." It is also another way of saying the Christian Philosophy is impractical as a working principle—that business and brotherhood do not mix. I sometimes wonder—especially when all the accumulations of "business is business" profits are lost in a few years of war—war brought about by these very same social and economic principles. Yet has the "practical" angle of Christianity been given a fair chance? It just *might* work.

I could go on and on. When we begin to look for the good in the world—the real unselfish people, we find they are legion. I wonder why it is that those who begin such labors of love, seldom, if ever, stop their efforts? Once begun, they carry on as long as life and strength permit. They are real people, the salt of the earth.

(Continued from page 33)

something which reminds them of a way of thinking about life which we evidently have in common. When a letter from a new reader arrives, I am stirred and enchanted. Such messages of good will, or disapproval, or sympathy, or disinterested criticism, or understanding are solace, guidance, and intellectual stimulus to any author who suffers from a sad awareness of falling far below the hopes with which each new book is begun. But don't those true and invaluable reader-friends of mine write to the author of a book which has interested or pleased or stirred or exasperated them? Isn't their impulse the priceless one to compare notes on *some of the more vital elements in human life* with a person whose mind and heart seem accessible to theirs? They don't write to me as an uncle or cousin or former neighbor might write, about the news items of the personal circle which aren't universal or permanent elements in human life—how the housecleaning went this year, about the progress of somebody's inflamed sinus, about where a young kinsman has decided to go to college, about an aunt's missing a train last Thursday. Not only does the reader of a book not need to know about such items of family and personal news. It's more fundamental than that. If he does have them forced on his attention, don't they distract his attention from what is his real concern? Don't they set up in his mind a lot of mental associations of ordinary details of the outward mechanisms of daily life which make it harder to express emotions, more deeply felt conviction, speculations more imaginative about the significance of life itself? I think so.

This book was inevitable!

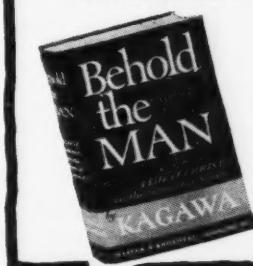
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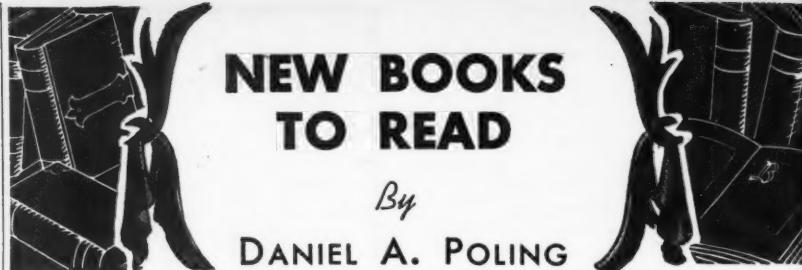
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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

The Soviet Power, the Socialist Sixth of the World, by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. (352 pp., International Publishers, \$2.50.) One of the most incredible books I have yet read. One of the most distinguished figures of the religious world lifts Soviet Russia into the social holy of holies, and places Stalin as well as Lenin in the role of a high priest of utmost virtue and without guile. Possible defects in the system are completely ignored until Russia invades Finland. The invasion is then explained, excused and rationalized into a march for freedom. The Dean writes, "Russia's action was necessary if Hitler was to be prevented from dominating the Balkans through direct contact with Rumania; Russia moved across Germany's path to the Black Sea." The Dean even quotes the Estonian government's "sincere gratitude." Just what he will add now that Germany has reached the Black Sea, I would not venture to guess. He places blame for the Finnish invasion upon France and England; he simply cannot imagine the Communist State entertaining motives of imperialistic expansion. As to his own views and desires, he writes, "I want change . . . I want this change to come if possible peacefully, and with a minimum of social upheaval and dislocation." This volume, crowded with interesting material, valuable even though compromised by the Dean's bias and blindness, is just about "Exhibit A" in twentieth-century social-religious literature.

Something of a Hero, by I. J. Kapstein. (596 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$2.75.) In this novel a new major figure emerges among American writers. He has something to say. He has the understanding and power to say it. He will be heard. He writes "with malice toward none, with charity for all," and as a prophet for the America that is to be. On these pages his characters come alive. For better or worse they live and love, battle and die; but while they live you cannot escape them, and in death some are glorified. John Cartwell is American in the best tradition—and very much a hero. And his story has heroic proportions. For mature readers and not for Sunday School libraries.

The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich, Facts and Documents Translated. (565 pp., Longmans-Green & Co., \$3.00.) This book is completely what its title and sub-title promise: the persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich, with facts and documents translated from the German. When Hitler and his incredible madness are surveyed by the historian, this volume will be a library

for the investigator. Here is a compilation of brutal, incredible things that are true.

Women of Britain, Letters from England, Introduction by Jan Struther. (334 pp., Harcourt, Brace and Co., \$2.50.) These letters from England with their vivid commentary from the pen of the author, make a worthy addition to the rapidly growing literature of the latest world war.

Of Mice and Women, by Pearl S. Buck. (203 pp., The John Day Co., \$2.00.) Always a philosopher, this volume is not more or less in the field of philosophy than the author's novels. It is even brighter reading than some of her novels. I like it very much. Miss Buck believes that American democracy is threatened by the unbalance between men and women. She has an answer.

The Writings of Margaret Fuller, Selected and Edited by Mason Wade. (608 pp., The Viking Press, \$5.00.) Margaret Fuller has been called by the critics a "unique woman." This volume of her writings is one of the most distinguished of a decade. Perhaps no American educator and scholar, no American writer, laid so deep a foundation in letters and yet, when with her husband and child she lost her life in a shipwreck at Fire Island, she was not yet forty years of age. Her writings are invaluable to American scholarship. This volume is invaluable in its field.

And Beat Him When He Sneezes, by Claire MacMurray. (224 pp., Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$2.00.) Here is another grown-up who has the ability to record accurately the exploits of normal children. It is hilarious reading. The author's plan has been to alternate chapters chiefly concerning children with those exposing the foibles of her own generation. Here is an antidote for world weariness. Who does not wonder what goes on in the head of a small boy? Some of us remember, but all of us like to read about it.

Honest Religion, by John Oman. (198 pp., The Macmillan Company, \$2.25.) The last volume from the pen of John Oman is characteristic of his life. It was complete and ready for the press at his death. "What bearing and attitude of mind would be entire honesty in making life a continual reasoning with God, in the sense of laying our minds alongside His and open to His persuasion?" This volume is John Oman's answer to that question.

(Continued from page 37)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16

READ LUKE 19:1-10.

MANY years ago, a ship sailing from Australia with a large consignment of gold, was sunk. Divers were sent down, although the depth made success doubtful. The first man to come up proved that he had actually reached the sunken treasure, for he had secured several nuggets. So Christ has demonstrated the efficacy of His work, the reality of His union with us, in that He has redeemed countless souls, and restored them to the world to enrich its life.

Because we are not our own, because we are bought with Thy blood, help us to render our best to Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 17

READ JOB 26:7-14.

THOSE rounded stones on the beach, how did they come there, and what shaped them? The rolling waves? But the wave was driven by the winds. The force of the winds was due to heat and cold, which in turn run back to the secrets of the universe. So there are influences playing upon human life and character. Some we regard as hurtful; others, welcome as beneficial. Yet to the soul which believes in the unfailing goodness of God, all such shaping agencies are overruled.

Because life may seem hard, it is not necessarily without benefits to bestow. Help us to submit ourselves to Thee.

FRIDAY, JULY 18

READ HEBREWS 12:4-15.

IN CENTRAL Pennsylvania, where the mountains rise high, is what our intrepid mail pilots call "the graveyard." It is so dangerous, and there were so many mishaps in past years that, naturally, it is looked on with some misgiving. One aviator, flying the mail, crashed there in a night of blinding fog. When they found his body amid the wreckage of the plane, they saw that he had scrawled a message to his comrades, "Come on! We are blazing the trail." We are all doing that. Others who follow us will find Christ through our example.

Help us to realize the force of our example on other lives. May we never be a hindrance, but a help. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 19

READ I CORINTHIANS 9:20-27.

THE athlete is willing to endure any amount of self-denial and discipline to increase his chances of success. The business man will give himself, early and late, to further his enterprises. The scientist will concentrate his energies upon his research. All these are worthy ends in themselves. Yet they are eclipsed by the glorious project committed to the

INTERNAL BATHS

END YEARS
OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul and as explained in his own words, "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?', he asked, 'they did wonders for me'."

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found that a bonafide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade, five quarts of the cleansing solution is sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In just a short time your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.



"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for \$1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

(Signed) Leopold Aul

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Christian. That is to spread the Saviour's sway, and to develop his own life.

Arouse new desire to achieve the best of which life is capable, that we may win the crown which fadeth not. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 20

READ JOHN 6:52-69.

NO OTHER book asks so many vital questions as the Bible. It voices the deep needs of the soul. "Who will show us any good?" ask the perplexed. "What must I do to be saved?" implores the penitent. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" inquires the believer. In Christ Jesus, the answer is found for every problem confronting us.

O Jesus, the sufficiency of all who turn to Thee, grant us Thy light, that in fuller knowledge we may live courageously. Through Thy grace, Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 21

READ ROMANS 1:1-16.

YOU may recall a book of your childhood, Robinson Crusoe, and the strange way in which that poor savage showed his gratitude to Crusoe. He knelt before his deliverer. Then taking Crusoe's foot, he set it on his own neck. That said more eloquently than words that, henceforth, his gratitude should be expressed in service. Paul felt that. He describes himself as the bond-servant, the slave, of Jesus Christ. Do we feel a like sense of indebtedness?

"Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee . . . Take my moments and my days, let them flow in endless praise." Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 22

READ PSALM 63:1-8.

THE day will take its tone from the early contact of the soul with the Saviour. Take this thought from Robert Louis Stevenson: "Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn. As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation." With the heart open to Christ, this day may be full of satisfaction to us and of blessing to others.

By the grace which is new every morning, by Thy help, O Father, profered to us all, give us to reflect Thy glory. Through Christ, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23

READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-13.

DAN CRAWFORD, thirty-four years a missionary in Africa, ranks as one of the church's stalwarts. For three years, he was held virtually a captive by Mushidi, a cruel chief. During that time, Crawford saw about twenty victims sacrificed every day by this

chieftain, and their skulls reared into a ghastly pile. Yet all that time, this brave soul was doing what? Insistently preaching the Gospel of God's love to these people, and seeking to win them from evil. It may be hard to bear our witness for Christ. But nothing can stop the resolute soul.

Fill us, O Christ, with love to Thy great name. Then shall we be found witnessing to Thy power to save.

THURSDAY, JULY 24

READ I JOHN 2:13-17.

HOW quickly fashions change. A song which is all the rage for a few weeks, dies out. Yet great music, like Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," or the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, holds its own. The popular novel, which everyone who wants to be someone must read, is forgotten, but the Bible remains the best seller, and Dante, Bunyan, Shakespeare, and Scott, still afford unfailing delight. In the same way, the frets and trials of life pass, but the soul remains the stronger for what it has faced. So, be of good cheer.

For Thine unchanging purpose, for Thine undiminished we thank Thee, O God, Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 25

READ EPHESIANS 3:8-19.

WHEN you listen to some great symphony, you know how music affects you. It touches a responsive chord. It kindles the emotions. Yet who stops to reason just why? You could explain music in mathematical terms, because there is a given number of vibrations in every note, and on this depends the pleasing harmony. We seldom think of that. We take the fact without trying to explain it. Why can we not do the same with God's love?

Thou art infinite; we are but finite. Yet we belong to Thee. Help us to take Thy grace, and use it for each day.

SATURDAY, JULY 26

READ ROMANS 1:8-17.

THE Panama Canal is now taken for granted. Few recall how the original scheme was abandoned because of yellow fever, that the death rate was 176 per thousand, and that twenty thousand workers died before we took over. Playing with death, Dr. Lazear allowed himself to be bitten by the suspected mosquitoes; he was dead within two weeks. To test Dr. Reed's theories a number of untrumpeted heroes slept in beds in which victims had died. But their work bore fruit. The fever was conquered; the canal was built. What of the great souls who gave us our Bible, our church, our ideals?

By the memory of those who through faith achieved so much, help us, O Christ, to consecrate ourselves to Thee.

SUNDAY, JULY 27

READ JOB 11:1-11.

HOW can finite man know the Infinite? God must unveil Himself to man. Only He can bring the revelation of Himself within reach of human powers. This can be done. Here is a brilliant physicist, whose days are spent in the laboratory. But see him in the early evening, with his child upon his knee.

We bless Thee, Thou infinite One, that Thou hast revealed Thyself in Jesus Christ. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 28

READ JOHN 5:1-9.

IF WE know a given duty is required of us, something we ought to do, the time to do it is—at once. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, according to some historians, because he delayed striking when he might. Similarly, we all intend to do great things some day, to be worthier disciples, to be out-and-out for Christ.

Touch our hearts with faith in Thee and in ourselves. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 29

READ LUKE 14:15-24.

THAT is one thing in which mankind excels. It can give a hundred reasons why it should not do some service to every one on the other side. Grenville Kleiser says, "Don't tell me what you will do when you have time to spare; tell me what you did today to ease a load of care." That makes good sense.

Inspire our hearts with resolution to do the good that lies at hand. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30

READ I CORINTHIANS 12:20-31.

WHEN the poet Gray says that "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he is stating the obvious. The stirring exploit which puts a man on the front page for one day, is forgotten before the month is out. But those who serve the Lord Christ find the path which leads unto the perfect day.

Show us the way of true service, O Master. Through Thy grace, Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 31

READ LUKE 18:19-14.

THAT foolish Pharisee might pride himself that he was so different. Yet while we resent his superiority, we should be thankful for our personality. Yet let us see to it that we are our best selves, whose ideal in all things is Jesus Christ.

Inspire us to be content with our lot, but discontented with our life. Amen.



You —

and the moon and the music

YOU...in a dream of a dress...floating over the polished floor, with the entire stag line at your heels!

It was wonderful... all of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report... share your triumph.

After all, it's her triumph, too. She's taught you a lot of things... put you wise to some glamour hints that made all the difference.

Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair—and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

Wasn't it Sis who taught you how to make your eyes look bigger with a touch of eyebrow pencil in the corners?

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Incidentally—it might be a very sound idea to take her advice about trying the three sizes of Kotex: Junior—Regular—Super. Certainly, you're the only one who can tell which size is exactly right for you.

All in all, you're a pretty lucky girl to have a sister like that...she's on your side. Let her know you appreciate her... and her help.



If you and Sis want to brush up on your facts together... send for the free booklet "As One Girl To Another." It gives you lots of good, useful tips.

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(Continued from page 19)

What a different Mamie from the Mamie pulled out from under the bunk!

Four happy years she had with us, then an incoming boat brought some one with measles. Sixty-five out of our sixty-seven children took it, and while ice and sleet covered our windows and the wind howled outside, we went from bed to bed anxiously watching. Pneumonia followed the measles in some cases, and the weaker ones contracted tuberculosis.

Mamie was one of these. We fixed up a little room for her, and day after day she lay quietly, or sat up in bed sewing for her dolls with clever fingers. She would try to copy the children's clothes in *The Ladies Home Journal*, altering collars and belts to fit the styles. She was very patient, but always alert. Little that went by the door escaped her sharp eyes.

Toward April she seemed better. She planned and planned for the May supper party, changing her mind every few days as to whom she would invite. But she grew worse again, and her voice was husky. She could no longer call out greetings to those passing her door.

One night as I tucked her in she looked at me very earnestly for a few moments, then said deliberately, "Miss Winchell, I know I can't go to the supper party, and I want you to go for me, and choose some one." I could not speak for a few moments, my heart was so full.

When I could trust my voice, I said, "Oh Mamie, you choose some one to go, and then if you are not well enough to sit at the table, you can have your supper on a tray by your bed."

"No," she answered firmly, "I want you to go—and choose some one too, for you are taking care of me."

There was nothing to do except thank her and promise. After that she looked

often into my face with a look of contentment and peace.

The evening of May third, all the other children were at the mid-week service in the chapel room below. Mamie was very weak but she heard the singing and spoke about it almost to the last.

"I like the song, 'Under His Wings'" she said so faintly I had to stoop low to hear her. "It is my favorite." Then child-like requested, "Read to me about the 'Bossy Mrs. Mouse' please."

I got the magazine and began again the funny story that she had laughed about so often. But soon I felt that she could not hear it, so I closed the book and waited for Doctor and the teachers to join me.

She slipped away, later in the evening. The next day, Doctor and the boys made a little casket. The teachers covered it with white cloth and Mrs. Goss made a wreath from her house plants that had escaped the winter's cold. It all looked very pretty to us.

Mamie was buried on her birthday, during a light snow that covered the patches of green grass.

The next day I heard two little girls talking. "I wonder when we will have the birthday party," said the first. And the other answered, "I know Miss Winchell will go, and she will invite some one, for Mamie asked her to go in her place."

I had not known before, that the children knew of Mamie's request, but I decided that I could go through with it if we waited to have the party until the end of the month.

Mamie lies on the hillside, covered deep with snow during the long winter, but through the summer with green grass and with many flowers—long stemmed violets, anemones, and daisies. Other little children play there, and sometimes as they play, they stop, and merrily make little wreaths to lay on the graves.

(Continued from page 25)

What with evacuees and refugees, catering difficulties and struggling to keep Dad from overdoing—he wants to grow food for the whole nation!—I was so tired I fell asleep having my tea yesterday! But anyway, all I have to do in this noon hour is find a home for an evacuated cat!

Crossmount, England, June 27th, 1940. News has just come that during the night Nazi bombers were over the very section of England where only yesterday we sent thousands of school children from unsafe areas. It seems as if they knew just where we had sent them, and so followed.

Our village inn got a packet. All one side blown out, and not a window left. It was like a crazy dream to see a chunk of the chimney pot in the meadow with buttercups sticking up through it.

Remember the ancient parish church we cycled to that June afternoon to see the magnificent stained glass windows? Well, it has "gone west." A bomb crashed through the roof, driving the altar clear into the ground. I picked up some splinters of the stained glass for you. The pigeons that nested in the tower still perch on the pitiful ruin, loath to leave it, just as the bombed-out villagers hang about the heaps of rubble that used to be their home.

It makes me furious to have the Nazis bomb Guernsey, when it hadn't a single gun! They break all the rules. They even bombed the poor scared women and children who were trying to escape to Weymouth. While they were waiting for the boat, the Nazis actually machine-gunned them—tiny children, women with babies in their arms, old people like Dad! It seems too monstrous to be true, but hundreds told the same story, some screaming it in delirium from our hospital beds.

I suppose the Nazis will now make the Channel Islands a base and get another near Bristol Channel. Already our government is making a strip of land near the coast a defense zone. Notes have come saying that should the Military, for defense reasons, wish us to evacuate, we must go quickly. If we have to go, I intend to take the cats. It is wicked to leave poor dumb creatures behind to be bombed, as some people did in London.

Pray for us, and write often, dear folk. I am glad you are in America—the only one of the family I do not have to worry about. And don't you worry too much about England. No surrender while there is one stone left on another!

Our King has given us a motto—every man, woman and child of us—for the defense of our country: "It depends On Me!"

So we carry on.

(Continued from page 31)

Negro boys will make the better citizen or have a fuller life? God is in the world on the side of love for God is love.

In spite of hate and brutality and war, do not forget that the world is not being redeemed by such means. No subjugated people now under the heel of a ruthless aggressor is being made a part of the conquering nation. We do not leave our family circle to live with our enemies, but to live with those with whom we have fallen in love. God loves the world, and the time will come when the love of man for man, and men for God, will make the rule of love, which is God's true spirit, possible in this world.

God is still in his world and near to us all because His word and law are still in the world. The seasons have not changed; even the most autocratic power on earth does not change them. The exceedingly clever and devilish new tools of war are no abrogation of God's laws in themselves. No cannon has yet made a dent upon the moon; no bomber has yet changed the lift of the tides; no propaganda machine has yet persuaded the tropics to move north to give Europe perpetual summer, that the machines of destruction could be speeded on their way. No, the cannon still can only shoot as far as the law of gravity will permit a shell to be carried; but God is pulling that shell toward the ground all the way and finally it must obey God, not the sender. Bombers move across the sky but none can dissolve themselves into bombs; but God can dissolve a cloud into rain to fall upon the just and unjust alike in blessing. The propaganda machines cannot successfully hurdle forever the barrier of Truth. The same law of God runs falsehood into a corner finally where its naked shame is horrible to see. No, God is in His world because His law is still operating everywhere on both sides of every ocean and in the hearts of men.

God is in His world because the power of God is everywhere and without Him nothing that is could continue to be. Power speaks of purpose. The world undoubtedly has many new forms of power which God will make known to us when we are ready to use them. The world is full of power because God is still in His world. The world is not blown to pieces even though it is filled with all of the known and unknown powers resident in it, because God is a purposing God and He is able to control all the powers of the world for He is the Almighty. Every evidence of power in the world is an assurance that God is in His world.

The Israelites tested God by wondering if He was in their midst. We cannot help but join them in our day. But when we see Love operating as of old, we know God is not far away. And Love is the greatest thing in the world. When we read His word, and study His law and see how surely it rules the world, we know God is not forgetting us in this world. And above all when we feel the powers of God in the midst of a power-mad and ruthless world, we know that the Almighty is able to control not only our little personal affairs but that in His hands too are the destinies of nations and the kingdoms of earth. God is in His world. It is not God but you and I who are being tested by these troublesome days!



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(Continued from page 23)

to Dickinson and had many followers. Unwittingly, King George III came to the aid of the fighters for freedom. When word came from England that the sovereign had not only refused to receive Dickinson's final petition but had declared the colonists in "open and avowed rebellion" and beyond his protection, Adams exulted. "The King himself," he cried, "has declared America independent. Why should we hesitate to follow his example?"

Adams and Lee recognized that, in the upsurge of popular feeling, destiny had thrust a final and irresistible weapon into their hands, the hunger of the common man for the right to govern himself, to direct his own life. They used it swiftly and with devastating effect, pushing a resolution through the Congress, calling on the colonial assemblies to establish state governments independent of the British crown. It was an appeal to the people to claim their heritage, and it is the everlasting glory of Lee, the aristocrat, that he stood unwaveringly in this as in other matters, at the side of the commoner, Adams.

"It is a machine for the fabrication of Independence," the Tory Duane called out to Adams across the floor of Carpenters' Hall.

"I think," said Adams, turning on his adversary his most gracious smile, "I

think that it is Independence itself."

So it proved. The Pennsylvania Assembly, dominated by Franklin, overthrew the proprietary government of the Penn family, and other colonies shortly followed suit. The Virginia assembly, under the inspiration of Lee, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, ousted the royal governor and ordered their delegates in the Congress to move at once for a declaration of independence, a confederation of the thirteen states and for foreign alliances.

Richard Henry Lee, in Philadelphia, sat down, took his pen in hand and wrote a resolution:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them, and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Early in June, 1776, the slender, statesman-like Virginian rose from his seat in the Congress and in an eloquent speech offered the resolution which made the American colonies a free and independent nation. It was fitting that his motion should have been seconded by John Adams. As they had stood together in struggle and defeat, so now they stood together in victory, two men who could rise above personal prejudice, class and sectional self-interest in a common devotion to their country.

(Continued from page 30)

"I don't know."

"Something should be done. First of all you have to see them and find out all the details; then come to me tonight. Destruction of the *protocol* is out of the question; it is too dangerous for all of us. The trial is inevitable, but it is necessary to arrange the affair in such a way that the other two judges be involved and we may be on the safe side."

Finally Sadovsky developed a plan. The case should be ready for trial any day in the afternoon; before the lunch recess we had to test our judges by other cases and our observation; as soon as we had two judges without extreme revolutionary ardor, the case might go on. Of course, our friends had to be at hand waiting in a nearby place for Vassiliev to hand them the summons during the recess. For several days the judges did not qualify to meet our requirements. Then a chance came. A worker and a soldier were appointed to duty on that day. Vassiliev with ready summons rushed to the appointed place of meeting, and after the recess the first case to be tried was that of Nikolaeve, Volkov, and Panfelevich. Sadovsky asked for their names, the places of residence, and other formal questions.

"You are charged with breach of the peace, being intoxicated in a public place, misdemeanors such as indicated in the Articles 38 and 42. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" Each one replied, "Guilty."

Sadovsky turned to the judges, "What is your favor? Shall we call the witnesses?" and to our horror the worker said, "Well, we may hear the witnesses." The soldier, however, with the air of superiority remarked, "Are you deaf? They

plead guilty. What is the use in witnesses?" Without waiting for the worker's reply Sadovsky stood up and with his hand invited the judges for conference. The soldier had perfectly learned the lesson which Sadovsky had pressed upon him before the lunch, and as soon as they were in the office, he reproached the worker, "Do you want to sit here all night? Why should we waste our time with witnesses, when they plead 'guilty'?" The worker did not argue. "I don't mind. As the others are, so am I, no difference."

The soldier suggested as punishment a ten-ruble fine. The worker supported him, but Sadovsky evidently wanted to play safe and remarked, "Comrades, they belong to a higher class; they are not ignorant people; they should be fined heavier."

"What is the difference?" the soldier interrupted. "To my mind a bourgeois and a proletarian are alike when drunk."

"All right," Sadovsky said. "It is your business. I am not responsible. If some would criticize our leniency, I want you to remember this case and that I insisted on a heavier fine."

"I shall never forget that one with the moustache," the worker said. "And what is your suggestion?"

"Twenty-five rubles for each of them." The others agreed. Thus twenty-five rubles became the price for what, under other circumstances, might have cost them their lives or long imprisonment.

That was the only instance when I did not act as a loyal Soviet secretary should have acted, but I have never regretted my defection. Three participants in the "conspiracy," Sadovsky, Nikolaeve, and Vassiliev, died from typhus and the whereabouts of Panfelevich is unknown. Volkov and I fortunately escaped to America.

(To be continued)



I WENT TO A SMALL CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

By Herbert H. Smith

NOT long ago the papers carried an item about the release of a number of women from prison in Korea. In the list was the name of a college mate of mine who had married a man in her class and the two had volunteered for mission work. They have had a large part in bringing Christ to the responsive people in the country now under subjection of a neighbor.

In college when this couple were learning to know each other was a young instructor who was ready also to go to the foreign field. He drilled me for the home

oratorical contest, and tried to get me to breathe from my diaphragm. He later became president of a mission college in Korea and was one of the outstanding leaders of that nation; an editor, conductor of an experimental farm, director of a boys' school. He influenced thousands of Korean leaders.

The college had only 300 students. But there were yet others who left the broad plains of the Middle West and went to self-sacrificing work on the other side of the world. George was captain of the baseball team, and of the football team. More than once his home runs brought victory to his college. On graduation he was offered a place in the Pittsburgh baseball team.

But he had other ideas. He had been brought up on a farm, but in the Y.M.C.A. in college had caught the idea of larger service and was ready to put his life against hard things. He graduated at a theological seminary in Chicago, and was sent by his mission board to the Philippines. He soon found himself in charge of a boys' school. There he taught the boys baseball, a new game to them. Soon he organized a track team, and had field meets with other groups. Later his ball teams played with other mission teams, and even went to China for contests. He is credited with having introduced baseball into the Philippine Islands. Suppose he had accepted that job as catcher for the Pittsburgh team!

Soon after I left college there returned on furlough another man from the Orient, a man who had taught the Siamese the dignity of labor. He was preaching in Siam, but found that hookworm was prevalent. The Siamese raised cattle but sent the hides to Japan to be turned into shoes. The shoes were too high priced for most Siamese. Why not make shoes in Siam, this college man asked himself.

There were no tanners or shoe makers, but this preacher from the plains of Nebraska took over both jobs with the help of a textbook and an old boiler he had found. He learned to tan hides. That subject was not included in his college course, but resourcefulness was! He ripped a shoe apart and made a pattern for other shoes. The king's son came to his school and the Siamese army used mission leather for belts. The young men of that country learned that labor with hands was dignified, worth while.

Other men and women by the score have gone from this one Christian college to varied places of service around the world. And the same sort of story can be told of hundreds of other small colleges, institutions where the students know each other, where the best in a man is brought out.

No young man or woman ready for college this fall will make a mistake in selecting a small Christian college. There will be excellent training, grand companionship, a foundation for success in any business or profession.



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COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

For Sunday School Teachers

Stanley B. Vandersall, D.D.

JULY 6

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

THE whole story of the bringing of the gospel to Europe is the story of divine guidance. Whatever else can be said about guidance, it remains true that it does not come according to routine. One phase of the ministry of Paul, Silas and Timothy in Galatia (Acts 16:1-7) was that they were forbidden to do more work in Asia. How did this forbidding take place? They wanted to go into Bithynia, but were "hindered." Was this a direct vision? Or was it the result of meditation and reason?

Then, when Asia was closed, why and how did Europe open? At Troas, where the faint outline of the shores of Europe could be seen, Paul had a strange experience. A man of Macedonia called him, this call coming as a vision in the night. It was taken as a sure indication of the opening of that part of Europe. Responding to it the apostles were greatly blessed, and a worth-while work was done. That fact is answer enough to one who would belittle this invasion of Greece by calling it the thrust of an ambitious man.

Two features of guidance can be found in the description of Paul's vision at Troas. One is that the writer thinks of all three persons of the Trinity as having a part in it. Look at verses 6, 7, and 10 of Acts 16. The other is that closed doors are quite as effective as open doors.

JULY 13

Why Do People Oppose the Gospel?

"IT WAS when his preaching affected personal gain or interfered with customs of trade that opposition began." This sentence is quoted from one of the commentaries describing the riot of the Ephesians when Paul stirred their city by his vigorous application of the truth. (Acts 19:23-41.)

There is a difference between indifference and opposition. Very often people who are indifferent to the claims of Christ are in ignorance of what the Gospel means, or they are so selfish in their own pursuits that they do not want to be bothered with other things, no matter how good. But when people oppose the Gospel it is very likely because it makes demands on them which they do not want to grant.

A real touch of the Gospel affects the nature of one's worship. If it has been coldly formal, it changes to informality and warmth. If worship has not existed it suddenly comes into being. When one does not like this, there is opposition.

The Gospel affects one's money. The unchristian tendency is to withhold, to hoard, or to spend selfishly; the Gospel bids one to give, to dispense, to help others.

(Continued on page 55)



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"OUR BOYS HAVE COWS"

AND there are children in the city's slums who have never seen a cow! That is a live cow—they have probably seen one hanging in a butcher shop but there's nothing exciting about that, is there? Can you imagine the first time a boy sees a cow? Of course the first thing he wants to know is how the cow gets milk—you had better be well informed on the subject if you expect to satisfy the curiosity of one small ignorant city boy.

There are so many little simple things in life to be enjoyed without the use of money and the poor of the city cannot even have these pleasures. Seldom do the children of the slums see the sky and its wonders—their glimpse of it between long rows of city tenements takes on the drabness of its boundaries. Except in occasional window boxes they cannot watch the flowers grow and their acquaintance with birds ends with the city sparrow.

You who have beauty in your daily living cannot imagine the ugliness and drabness of tenement life in the

city. It is hard to believe anything fine can grow out of such living but occasionally it does happen. There are men and women who have made outstanding contribution to American life—men and women despite all the handicaps of growing in poverty who have grown to reach the heights in their usefulness and value to mankind. But the percentage is small, pitifully small and the number of criminals grown in such environment is overwhelmingly large.

There are people who still believe that it is better to let the children of the poor continue to live in their squalor, that it is a mistake to give them a glimpse into better living. No Christian can really believe that, and we who have worked for years with the city's poor know that a vacation away from poverty has saved the lives of thousands and has meant an endeavor toward better living for many others: whole families have benefited from the vacation of one child who has taken back home some of the things he or she has learned while spending a few weeks at Mont Lawn.

"Be merciful after thy power—" help give a child a vacation from poverty.

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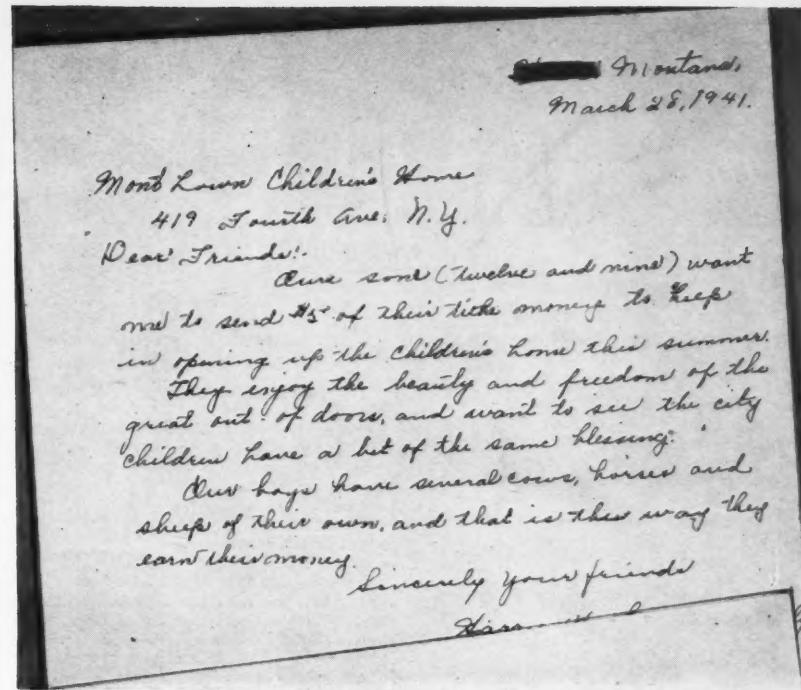


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An Excellent Story

Mechanic Falls, Maine

Dear Editors:

I think the story entitled "The Bible Speaks" is a fine story, in fact the best I have read in your paper for a long time. In it there is food for thought and a fine message for the world.

Hope you will give us more stories of this type.

Mrs. Maude G. Dunn

We hope, too, that Mrs. Robinson will favor us again.

As to Motion Pictures

Weissport, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Early this year a minister wrote, asking you to discontinue his copies taking issue with a number of things, among which was an article entitled "Motion Picture." I thought immediately that he was one of our Evangelical ministers and in looking in our year book, found I was correct.

I do not agree with him and hope that he is still getting his magazine to read my convictions on this and other matters.

In last month's issue there appeared again a small article by another minister stating that he has fifty-five subscribers to your fine paper. Again I knew it was one of our Evangelical ministers and thought at first they were members of the same conference, but referring to our year book I discovered not and that they are from two different states. I was happy for this last minister's statement.

As to motion pictures—no one was more set against them than I was and rightly so, for in earlier years there was real reason for them. It is several years since I heard and saw my first talkie. When our children were small we kept them away, for it was only a few years ago that our Catholic friends, through their Legion of Decency, took issue and began a crusade to clean house, much to the shame of some of us Protestants. I have always contended that motion pictures could be a blessing and a good means of real education if properly presented and given clean pictures.

Why do we as Evangelicals not see some news of our own denomination in your News Digest columns? I think the present move with our denomination and the United Brethren in Christ for a successful attempt at merger is good news.

Harvey J. Christman

And so do we. We publish as much church news as space permits. Unfortunately, some denominations do not provide news releases and by the time we learn of an event it is ancient history. Perhaps reader Christman will appoint himself a committee of one to send us news of the Evangelicals.

The Banner Denomination

Leetsdale, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Christian Herald, April 1941, under caption "News Digest of the Month" page 10, I find a statement that the United Presbyterians are leading all Protestants in missionary giving and want \$550,000 in 1941.

I have reason to believe that the statement is misleading and no doubt was made in ignorance of the actual facts.

Without any fear of contradiction, I believe that the Christian and Missionary Alliance is the banner denomination in this matter, being all that its name implies. Their total membership in the United States at the end of 1940 was 37,904 and their total amount of pledges for 1940 was \$607,171.00. I cannot give the per capita amount because I have not the exact number of people who pledged. However, the sum of \$511,254.34 was actually received up to December 31st last with the expectation that the pledges would be overpaid as in previous years.

Taking this amount and the number of membership as a basis, an average of over \$16.00 per member was pledged and paid.

Here in the Ambridge Tabernacle of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, with only 100 members (not families) a total of over \$4,404.00 was received by the treasurer last year, making an average of over \$44.00 per member, not including the free will offerings to the pastor who received no stipulated salary.

I have just audited their books for the past year, and know whereof I speak. We praise God for all this.

You will, I am sure, pardon me for drawing your attention to the matter, my object being to give the praise where it belongs, leaving the matter of public rectification to your own personal judgment.

W. H. W. Savage

Missionary giving is the life blood of Christianity. More power to this great organization.

"One Foot in Heaven"

Custer, South Dakota

Dear Editor:

May I say that I am intensely interested in *Christian Herald's* cooperation with Warner Brothers in the screen production of "One Foot in Heaven." The movie is with us to stay. Well and good, providing wholesome materials are used.

My interest in this particular production is intensified by the fact that I knew Dr. and Mrs. Spence in Holyoke, Colo., where he was a pastor and I a teacher. Mrs. Spence and I were members of the same club.

Every good wish to *Christian Herald* in its divine mission.

Sincerely

Julia M. Goudie

A recent cross-section study of *Christian Herald* subscribers showed that about seventy per cent go to motion pictures at least occasionally. We have seen the script of "One Foot in Heaven" and we earnestly recommend the picture to every reader. It will be released in the fall. Fredric March will portray the part of Dr. Spence and Martha Scott (Miss Bishop in "Cheers for Miss Bishop") will play the part of Mrs. Spence.

"Rock of Ages"

Old Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Editor:

I never fail to be interested in *Christian Herald*, and thank God that such a paper is being published; but there is something to which I wish to call your attention which may have escaped your notice.

In the April number there is a most remarkable article about Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico in which Rock of Ages, as a rock in that most wonderful cavern plays an important part, leading to the worshipful spirit in a wonderful way.

However, in the May number, there is an advertisement of the Rock of Ages Corp., in which Rock of Ages is made to serve a purely business purpose and the company plan evidently to cash in on the religious asset of Rock of Ages.

I cannot see how this is right.

W. S. Woolworth

Reader Woolworth raises an interesting point. The company in question has called their monumental granite "Rock of Ages" for many, many years. We cannot see why they haven't the same right to use this term as did the author of the hymn which gave the phrase its sacred significance.

We Try to Be Open-minded

Shelby Gap, Ky.

Dear Mr. Maynard:

I would like very much to commend your masterly discreet wisdom in the letters from readers column of the *Christian Herald*.

Perhaps a paper as fine as *Christian Herald* would not thrive as well as it does, were it not for its open-mindedness in regard to the letters from its readers. I have watched this page faithfully to see the represented attitude of the contributors.

The April issue is lacking in an affirmative agreeable measure and I wanted to write at this time to tell you how much I enjoy *Christian Herald*. I like it much better since there is the addition of the movie column and the general interest in politics and social problems.

Though I have not always been lucky enough to maintain a subscription all the time, I have followed along in the libraries and through generous friends and you can count on me to stick by *Christian Herald* which, in my opinion, has far outlived its critics in usefulness over the long years of its ministry.

Betsy J. C. Miller

Thanks Betsy, I'm glad to point out that we have some friends anyway.

JULY 1941

(Continued from page 52)

The Gospel affects one's business. There is no power so efficient against all good things as the power of money in the hands of selfish men and women.

JULY 20

Has the Church Any "Out" with Liquor?

SCIENCE—and especially medical research—has recently come strongly to the aid of those who contend against the use of strong drink. It is now possible with the microscope and the test tube to discover exactly what happens when alcohol is taken into the blood stream. Graphs, photographs and movies spread exact and intelligible information. This scientific approach to the alcohol problem has largely supplemented the one-time emotional and moral argumentation.

This scientific argument is right down the church's alley. The first plank in the platform of the Christian gospel has to do with removing sin from men and men from sin. It proposes a way to restore men to the "image of God," to set them up with the use of all their senses and powers. It is easily evident that alcohol impedes, and often effectually blocks this function.

But other things are in the picture, too. The church seeks to build up the home, and finds liquor an obstacle there; the church is concerned about the poor and the hungry, but discovers alcohol as playing a large part in the unwholesome conditions of poverty; the church wants clean government, justice, and purity everywhere, but encounters greedy and selfish politicians "in cahoots" with the liquor traffic.

In these and in other things the church has an "out" with liquor.

JULY 27

Human Life Changed by the Written Page

NO EXPLANATION of the amazing extension of the gospel of Christ during the first century, A.D., is complete which does not give large place to the variety of the means which God used in accomplishing this result. At least five come easily to the front: (1) devoted men and women who spread their beliefs to others; (2) the developing church; (3) the inclusion of the Gentiles; (4) the direct operation of the Holy Spirit; (5) the commitment to writing of various admonitions, advice, doctrine, history and prophecy in the Gospels, Epistles, and other books.

The last of these involves a combination of human and divine elements. New Testament writers claim to have been led by the Holy Spirit, and the contents of their books attest it. Only on such a basis could the Epistles and the Gospels have been used. When Paul wrote to the Ephesian church he was doing more than sending a friendly communication. He was improving the basis of Christian belief and group association. What he wrote as to personal experience and conduct was his own conviction, but it was also inspired by the Holy Spirit.

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Every Time

Science Professor: What happens when a body is immersed in water?
Coed: The telephone rings.

—Exchange.

Can't Stay Away From 'Em

Teacher (in geography lesson): "Now, can anybody tell me where we find mangos?"

Bright boy: "Yes, miss; wherever woman goes."

—Menthology.

Then We Find Out

She: Funny no one seemed to realize what a bad egg he was while he was rich.

He: My dear, a bad egg is only known when it's broke.

—Kablegrams.

More Economical

"Waiter, what is this?"
"That's a Scotch rarebit, sir."
"And what is a Scotch rarebit?"
"A Welsh rarebit, with less cheese."
—Menthology.

The Reason Is Clear

Visitor (from London): Your sky here seems so much clearer than ours in London.

New York Taxi Driver: Sure, you see, we have skyscrapers here.

—Exchange.

He Got It

A man picked up a coin on the subway floor and asked, Which of you people dropped a five dollar gold piece?

I did, yelled three.
Well, I just found a nickel of it, he said, pocketing the coin.

—Exchange.

Where They Were

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

—Exchange.

A Novelty Indeed

A New York restaurant man secured the biggest fish bowl he could find, filled it with water and put it in his window shop with this sign: "Filled with invisible gold-fish from the Argentine." It took seventeen policemen to hold back the people.

—Exchange.

Her Reward

Old Scottish Householder: "Maggie, ye hae served us faithfully an' frae now on we will regard ye as a member of the familiy. As such, ye will receive na salary."

—Hartford Courant.

His Home Station

Passenger: "Conductor, that fellow sitting opposite us is a lunatic. He claims he is George Washington."

Conductor: "I'll take care of the matter (shouting): Next station Mount Vernon."

—Exchange.

His Precedents

Dad: "Well, what kind of grades did you make in your finals?"

Son: "All right in everything but one study, and in that I am like Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln."

Dad: "Why, how's that?"

Son: "I went down in history."

—Exchange.

They Had a Right to Stare

Diner: I beg your pardon, but why do all these girls stare at me?

Waitress: I'm not supposed to tell you sir, but we got some of our food from the school of cookery and home economics, next door, and if you get sick after that omelet you've just eaten, those girls have all failed in their examination.

—Lookout.

Just Keep Out of This

The driver of a Western bus drew up and found he was in the hands of bandits.

"Hands up," said one of the bandits. "We're going to rob the men and kiss the women."

"No," said another member of the gang, "we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," said a woman of uncertain age from up New England way, "mind your own business; your friend is managing this holdup."

—Watchword.

Caution

The tiny boy had been taken for a motor ride by a friend of the family.

On his return, his mother said to him: "Did you thank Mr. Banks for taking you for a ride?"

There was no answer.

"Jimmie!" Did you hear me? Did you thank Mr. Banks?"

"Yes," whispered Jimmie, "but he told me not to mention it."

—Lookout.

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(Continued from other side)

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Hay Fever, asthma, hives, headache, urticaria, etc. Natural and acquired sensitivity. Ill effects of careless advice. Various allergies. Household dust, foods, animal hair, dust, smoke, insects, etc. General symptoms of allergy.

The Internal Glandular System

The Glands: thymus, pineal, thyroid, pituitary, supraorbital, ovarian or sex glands. Goiter. When most likely to occur, prevention.

Diseases

What is it, why is it increasing? Death rate from Disease? Should disease ever be studied in children, dogs, cats, insulin. Usefulness of diets, insulin. Diabetes and old age, diabetes. Diabetes and old age, diabetes.

Blood Pressure

Symptom or disease? Measuring the pressure. High and low blood pressure, causes.

Cancer

Is cancer hereditary? Any relation to race or sex? Life contagion? Common forms of cancer and their symptoms: cancer of the breast, womb, stomach, intestines, kidney, prostate. Diagnosis. Prevention.

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